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THE CURRENT ISSUE.

Bishop Hurst contributes a timely article on "Stanley and his Judges," which contains information of value and interest for all our readers.

Some of the modern schemes for reforming society are clearly stated and ably refuted in his first paper on "The Modern Altruist," by Lecturer G. H. Fall, of Boston University.

The first of a series of articles on "The Greater Methodism," from the well-known pen of Rev. W. H. Daniels, occupies the first column of page 2, and will commend itself by its striking parallels and freshness of treatment.

Dr. Chadbourne, with great cogency and strength, states his convictions on the faith-cure doctrine and assumptions.

The name of Durbin has not lost its charm, and Rev. A. H. Herrick's contribution on the eloquence of this great master, will not lack readers.

Text is a bright and suggestive story by Rev. J. F. Cowan, on page 6, entitled, "That Blessed Church Debt."

Not only our boys, but older people as well, will find personal lessons in Julia S. Lawrence's sketch, entitled "Leaves."

Particular attention is called to the sensible criticism of W. D. Parkison upon the International System in his article on "Method in the Sunday School," on page 7.

In "A Kodak View of the Encampment," on page 4, Rev. Frederick Burrill gives photographs with singular success and vividness the scenes and incidents of Grand Army week.

The Outlook.

The South will have reason for thanking this year for one of the largest crops of cotton ever harvested, and for the prospect of unhindered development and prosperity. From the West, on the other hand, the tidings are discouraging. The drought has seriously affected the corn crop in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Ohio, not more than half the usual yield being expected even in the most favored sections. Potatoes are a failure almost throughout the entire West, and the crop of oats is estimated at as low as one-fifth of what was expected. Wheat has not suffered so seriously as other cereals, but the anticipations of a crop far in excess of all previous yields will not be realized. The magnificent surplus of last year will not be repeated, though the harvest promises to be a fairly bountiful one.

That was a commendable resolution which was adopted by the recent Peace Congress, which calls upon nations to interpose a period of six months between declaration of war and beginning hostilities; but it is hardly to be expected that any power will consent to any such scheme for sober second thought. To pass over the fact that, in the past, hostilities have as a rule preceded the formal declaration of war, it is regarded as one of the most imperative conditions of military success that the attack should be swift and overpowering. A truce for purposes of arbitration might be acceptable, but not for "counting the cost."

Excursion trips on the Transcaspian road to the old and comparatively unknown cities of Central Asia, are announced. A party was to leave Paris on the 24th for far-off Samarcand, to proceed by way of Constantinople and Batoum, take in Merv and Bokhara, and return via Moscow and Warsaw—the whole trip to last but two months, with plenty of leisure for sight-seeing, and to cost, all expenses included, \$220. Jaded tourists—and those who are not jaded—will be sensible of a strong attraction to the wonderful city which Genghis Khan besieged and depopulated, and which subsequently became the capital of the great Tamerlane, a city whose earliest walls were destroyed by Alexander the Great, and which rose to celebrity as the chief seat of Arabian letters and civilization long before the Mongol, or Tartar, or Muscovite conqueror possessed it.

The status on the New York Central, as we go to press, is critical in the extreme: Miles of perishable freight tied up in yards or on sidings, by the strike of the switchmen; the company trying to protect its property, and carry on a part of its business, by the aid of Pinkerton detectives whose rash firing upon citizens at Albany has only sharpened the exasperation; the Knights of Labor, at whose order the strike began, because of the discharge of some of their number who were employees, and the Switchmen's Aid Association who renewed the strike because members of their body were discharged for refusing to take the place of strikers, with other brotherhoods, offering an ultimatum to Vice President Webb of the New York Central of either war or arbitration—all this marks a turning-point in the labor struggle which may be fraught with most serious consequences.

And so the Behring Sea dispute cannot be settled by diplomacy, and arbitration must be resorted to. Lord Salisbury declines to recognize American jurisdiction as set forth so brilliantly and cogently by Secretary Blaine—a State paper, by the way, which is entitled to rank as a model of its kind; he asserts that England refused to admit Russia's claim to exclusive fishing rights in Behring Sea; tries to explain that Canada's tardy development

as a colony must account for her making no move to exercise her privilege prior to 1886; insists that the non-exercise of a right does not invalidate it (he used precisely the opposite argument to prove that Portugal had no rights in the interior of Africa); passes over in silence Mr. Blaine's application of his principle to the Ceylon pearl fishery, which is not restricted to the distance of a marine league from the coast, but is carried on from thirty to fifty miles away, no other nation daring or caring to interfere with British rights in this case; and concludes that "if the United States government continues to differ with Great Britain as to the legality of the recent captures, her majesty's government is ready to refer the question to impartial arbitration." It is significant, to say the least, that the call for arbitration comes not from us, but from England.

The discord among the Republican senators as to the order of business and the question of passing the Election bill is most unfortunate and disappointing. The administration feels morally bound, both by its pledges and the necessities of the case, to secure the passage of a measure which shall guarantee throughout the South what no one believes to exist—an honest election. To this end the "Lodge bill," as it is called, has already passed the House of Representatives, and a similar measure—not so stringent as the former—is now before the Senate. But it is now proposed, because of the length of the session and the importance of passing the Tariff bill which will consume a great deal of time, to postpone consideration of election reform until the next session. To do this will be to lose a glorious opportunity, and to prolong a monstrous injustice. And there is apparently no necessity of making this surrender if Mr. Edmunds' proposed rule for restricting debate on the Tariff bill be adopted. Both bills can be passed. If the revision of the Tariff be completed, as it can, by Aug. 30, the majority can speedily pass a bill which will lift the stigma of fraud from our federal elections and restore constitutional rights which have been long and forcibly withheld.

Not much time was wasted in the Senate last week over the River and Harbor bill. The lavish sum of \$26,000,000 was appropriated with a very suspicious expedition. The House won great praise by the promptness and practical unanimity with which it passed the Caldwell anti-lottery bill. This measure incorporates the restrictions recommended by the Postmaster General, and, if successful in the Senate, will so effectually curtail the sphere of operations of the Louisiana Company that it will probably no longer trouble itself about an extension of license. The adoption by the House of the conference report on the Indian bill was also a commendable piece of legislation, since it preserves the important amendments made in the Senate to the paragraphs providing for Indian education.

The famous thread firm of J. & P. Coats, of Paisley, Eng., has been reorganized as a limited liability company, with a capital of \$28,750,000, of which \$10,000,000 is to consist of 6 per cent. preference debentures, and the remaining \$18,750,000 of shares at \$50 each. The old members of the firm took all the shares were allowed to take of each class of stock—one-third. There was no lack of subscribers, although the premium for the privilege of subscribing was quoted at 2 per cent. At last accounts the enormous aggregate of over \$40,000,000 had been offered in the way of subscription to the capital of the new company—a remarkable comment upon the solid reputation of a business which, founded sixty years ago, has its agencies to-day in every part of the world.

In Central America the outlook, as we go to press, is not assuring. President Barrillas of Guatemala insists that Gen. Ezeta, of Salvador, the successful revolutionist, shall resign. He proposes, with the aid of Honduras, to compel such resignation by force. Ezeta, on the other hand, flushed with victory and supported by Costa Rica and Nicaragua, is quite willing to try the arbitrament of war. He is confident of success, and determined to free his State from the tyranny of Guatemala. The hoped-for union of Central American States is farther off than ever.

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF GENIUS TO COMMON MINDS.
REV. H. HEWITT.
GENIUS of the most exalted type has often had to confess its obligations to the fruitful good sense of untutored and untravelled minds. The distinguished philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, found in his unlettered game-keeper one whom he was proud to call "his guide, philosopher and friend," thus immortalizing the memory of poor "velveteens," as the Rugby boys would say, in one of the most frequently used phrases in the English language. Sir Walter Scott found a genial and valued companion in Tom Purdy, to whom he makes free allusion in one of his letters. "I often," says he, "take a dose in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain rags in some other world." The author of "Hypatia" and "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" thoroughly enjoyed the homely, if unpolished, fellowship of the farmers of his little parish of Eversley, and when Charles Kingsley died he had none who more sincerely mourned his loss than he.

Many persons of rank and wealth and lofty social station in Europe are in the habit of taking an occasional glimpse into the depths of human life and thought and feeling by mingling, now and then, with the lowlier and less fortunate beings about them. All

have read the charming story of the royal Alfred—Alfred the Good and Great—rejoicing and replenishing the contents of his quiver in the cottage of the Wessex cowherd, and being scolded by the irate housewife, because, in mending his arrows, he had not paid sufficient attention to the cakes she had left baking for his meal on the hearth. English history must always tell with pride, how Queen Victoria, in her younger and more active days, found time amid the many duties of her lofty place to visit her humble and needy neighbors of the cottages around Osborne House and read the Word of God to the sick and aged. Though Southey, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Christopher North, and in later years Ruskin and Tennyson, have maintained a too aristocratic dignity, at times, among the plain folk of the Westmoreland valleys, they would have been the last to deny that the debt they owed to their lowly and, for the most part, unlettered neighbors was too great to be told. And this intercourse of the children of genius and fame and fortune with their less distinguished fellow beings, is sanctioned by the example of the Fountain of all Wisdom, who did not disdain the company of publicans and sinners, and of the ignorant and unlearned peasant people of old Galilee.

OUR COUNTRY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Read at the "Wayside," Concord, Mass., at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Lathrop, Aug. 14.]

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true, and wise, and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here,
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and Cavalier.

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the sons of men,
Whose hands unstained in peace maintained
The swordless Commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountains top shall burn
With watch-fires from thine own uplift.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
Whose hands unstained in peace maintained
The swordless Commonwealth of Penn.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
Oh of our fathers, make it true!

God, Land of Lands, to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

STANLEY AND HIS JUDGES.

BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

THE greatest literary sensation of Europe this whole year is Stanley's book on Africa. He is a great English favorite, and that means that he is not a favorite on the Continent. His book appears in all the great languages, but there is less enthusiasm about it in both Germany and Italy than there is in France, and in France there is nothing at all approaching the English enthusiasm. Some of the French papers have published minute reviews, and the *Figaro* reproduces in one great sheet many of the finest illustrations. The title of the book reflects the individuality of the several languages. The French issue it as "Dans les Ténébres de l'Afrique"—In the Darkenesses of Africa; the Germans say: "Im dunkelsten Afrika"—In the Darkest Africa; and the Italians, always poetical: "Nella Tenebrosa Africa"—In the Shadowy Africa. But in all the languages it is Africa, and Africa is dark.

The German Criticism.
There is not a hair in Stanley's now white head which stirs the German's admiration. The literary journals, the scientific societies, all the groups of popular criticism, combine in declaring that he is getting more honor to himself than he deserves, and that he lies at the very bottom of all the advantages which England has now achieved over Germany by the African partition. The latter is true beyond question. Stanley has done more than all the statesmen and geographical societies of England combined to arouse throughout the Anglo-Saxon mind an enthusiasm in favor of English influence and possession in Africa, and a relentless hostility to slavery in the interior. The Italians, with Casati to guide their sentiment, do not think that slavery can be exterminated, and that the most which can be hoped for is to alleviate the existing evils. The German emphasis is largely divided between a new opening for commercial advantage and a certain sentimental prestige for the splendor of the empire.

The Germans and the English.
There is no question that the Germans, generally magnificent at a bargain, have been greatly outwitted by the English in the African adjustment. The young Emperor William had his eye on that little chunk of red clay over which floated the British flag for nearly a century, and which bears the name of Heligoland or "The Saint's Island." He wanted no foreigner to have rights over a bit of earth so near the ports of Bremen and Hamburg. England held Heligoland up in her hand, and secured in Africa both prestige and commercial supremacy—worth ten thousand little Heligolands. Lord Salisbury did

the shrewdest piece of work of all his administration when he made this bargain. He uttered no boast, pretended that the Germans might be getting the best of him, gravely told Parliament that several times during the negotiations he had a mind to stop the whole business, for he did not know but that it would be better for the English to do so. Possibly the whole affair was an English stumbling on a most successful barter.

Certainly Stanley deserves no recognition for the least share in the advantage to England. He here suffered the penalty of ability to speak in public. I happened to be in London at the time of his receptions by various admiring societies, and read in the papers one day his terrible castigation of the Government for letting the Germans outwit the English administration in the race for African possession. He raised a great deal of popular indignation against Salisbury. But, all at once, out came the bargain itself. Stanley was amazed. He did a most sensible and timely thing. In a way as public and strong as his criticisms, he took back what he had said, and declared before the world the immense gain to England over the Germans in the African trade, and paid a high compliment to Salisbury.

It remains, therefore, that the administration did its work well, and made no mistake in its use of its information about the interior African conditions. It is a secret where Salisbury secured his knowledge of the details. But it cannot be questioned that he had the best of data from men who had been in the country, and who knew some things of which the negotiating folks in Berlin knew nothing at all. There will be a great deal of demonstration in Germany over the incorporation of little Heligoland. Already the historians have gone into its past, its picturesque people have been photographed and appear in the shop windows, and pictures of the little hillock at sea are on sale. But there is a deep current of feeling in Germany that the bit of land is worth next to nothing, and that the emperor has had to pay the penalty of youth and insuspicion.

The Italian Criticism on Stanley.

The most serious and direct blow on Stanley's new fame has come from a most unexpected quarter, namely, Italy. It happened that Emin Bey's most trusted, capable, and successful friend and attendant was an Italian—Casati. Now Casati has come home, and has been honored in Italy with ovations in leading cities. King Humbert has had a special interview with him, and has paid him signal attention. The people have turned out in multitudes to bid him welcome. The learned societies have joined in the cordial greeting. Casati is a charming speaker, but has said just enough to lead the Italians to the conclusion that they, and not Stanley and the English, deserve honor for the new revelation of Africa to the world. Casati mixes up just enough recognition of Stanley to give terrible potency to his strictures. He says that Stanley is a strong character, has done much for the new knowledge of Africa, has made permanent additions to the fund of African exploration. But he says, also, that Stanley claims honors which do not belong to him; that he, Casati, was a sharer, at least, in the discovery of the snowy Mountains of the Moon; and most and worst of all, that, instead of Stanley's going to the relief of Emin Bey, it was Emin Bey and Casati who found Stanley and his party in a wretched and pitiable condition, and absolutely "relieved" him! This severe criticism, of course, finds favor, and the last has not come. Casati has withdrawn from all public attentions, and is now busily engaged in writing his book on Africa. He proposes to give full proof of all he has said incidentally.

A few months has changed the whole African situation. The English are at the front in Africa, and that means a tremendous impulse to missionary effort; the strengthening of every hand which is working for God's cause in the Dark Continent; the lessening in time of the export of intoxicating liquors thither; and a firm and steady opposition to the slave trade. To Stanley's credit it must be said, that wherever he touches the moral side of the great African question, he is always strong. His recognition of God's care and special providence, and his resolve to acknowledge it before the world, taken amid the sublime solitudes of the forest, is the finest thread in the whole fabric of his narrative, and will last the longest, and go the farthest in its power as an explorer's tribute to the hand of God. It is equal to anything we find in Livingstone's immortal narrative.

THE MODERN ALTRUIST.

GEO. HOWARD FALL, A. M., LL. B.
[Lecturer on Roman Law in Boston University.]

THERE are certain great evils now existing in the body politic which are patent to all observers. They are chiefly represented by the unequal distribution of wealth, by intemperance and the rum-traffic, by monopolies or trusts which are fast killing out the small industries. Europe has, in addition to these, standing armies which require of every working man on the Continent two hours' time of each day's work in the year. The liquor business in Europe and America takes three hours' time of each working-man's day. The aristocracy in Europe takes half an hour. For these evils various remedies or cure-alls have been and are continually being offered, and the list is increasing; while the advocates of each medicine insist with the most astonishing confidence that the adoption of their specific will bring about a regenerated state of society and will usher in the modern Paradise.

The List of Cure-alls is now Quite Large.
Henry Georgeism, or the single tax theory; Christian Socialism; Communism; State Socialism, or Nationalism; Tolstoism; Capitalism of Labor; Profit-sharing; Industrial Co-operation; and, lastly, Anarchy. Each claims to be mainly composed of altruistic ingredients, and will, if the directions are properly followed, bring about the universal brotherhood of mankind. The new cures are cut to the quick by the woes endured by their fellow-creatures, and their bowels melt with altruistic compassion.

Yet, in looking over the methods prescribed by the reformers, it is difficult to see how the remedy is not worse than the disease. The single-tax man, imbued with the premises of Henry George, claims that land is a gift of God to man, and, like air, water and light, is a free natural opportunity; that the advantages of this opportunity belong to society and not to any particular individuals; that the system of private ownership in land is a violation of natural right, because such owners are constantly receiving unearned increments arising from the increase of land values; an increase caused by the growth of the community and which, therefore, should inure to the benefit of the community, whereas under the present system of private ownership it inures to the profit of those individuals or corporations who happen to own the land in question at the particular time. This the Georgists submit is an outrage, and ought not to be longer endured.

Many other things trouble them, but this is their chief complaint. As a remedy, they propose to do away with all taxes except a single one upon the land, and this is to be taxed to its full market value, on the principle that whoever uses a natural opportunity belonging to society must pay to society whatever the same is worth. Consequently all personal property, all buildings, money, notes, and what-not escape taxation altogether. The poor man with little money who puts up a one-story frame house on a given lot of land, pays precisely the same tax as his rich neighbor who on an adjoining lot of similar size erects a ten-floor marble structure. Again, a man may come from the Peruvian gold-mines with a million dollars, dwell in a hotel, let his money out in notes and mortgages, and not pay a cent of tax to anybody, unless it be the indirect tribute resulting from his board bill at the hotel. It is plain that the cure of human ills does not lie in this remedy. Its best refutation is a statement of its practical workings.

The remedy of the Christian Socialists lies in another direction. They propose to organize the people into a vast Christian State, which shall operate all business for the equitable good of every individual in it. They claim that the present industrial system, based upon unregulated competition, is thoroughly vicious, because it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. Under this system those who once get a successful start go by their own momentum, while the unlucky ones are crushed.

In Place of Competition they Would Substitute Combination.
The State doing the business as a sort of democratic trustee for the people. They claim that Christ, by His stewardship teachings, created the germs of this scheme. Whoever holds wealth, if he is a true Christian, holds it as steward or trustee for his neighbor. Therefore let the State be a trustee sole, for the common welfare of the people.

Just how the nation's wealth is to be equitably divided among this vast body is hard to find out. Christ taught that the laborer was worthy of his hire; and to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. The parable of the talents points in the same direction. Heretofore we have supposed that man's merit, or, in other words, his producing power, justified his title to a quantum of wealth. The new school teaches that all men must share wealth alike without reference to their powers of production.

At this point the Nationalists come in, founded on a dream by Mr. Edward Bellamy. Over three hundred thousand copies of "Looking Backward" have been sold out of Boston. Their scheme differs from that of the Christian Socialists only in declaring a bureaucratic in the place of a democratic organization. The State is made all in all. A vast industrial army is established in which every individual must serve his time. The necessities of life—free food, free clothing, free shelter, free doctoring, free amusements, free education, free travel—are extended to all equally. All receive the same pay for their labor. This follows from the altruistic idea. The ego is submerged. Men work not for the sake of reward, but for the amount of service they can render. Hence, to be fair in the distribution of benefits conferred, no one can receive more than another; for if he did, the other would receive less, and that would be a destruction of altruism itself. Inequality disappears, and all share on a common level.

Perhaps Mr. Bellamy thinks his dream will be realized. The enormous sale of his book may have caused such a belief, particularly if he has forgotten the old adage that he who writes for fools will always have a large audience.

The crushing refutation both of Nationalism and of Christian Socialism lies in the fact that under both systems the individual is to have his wants supplied without regard to his productive capacity or his exertion. The grand motive of improvement and of effort is thus destroyed.

The Two Systems Demand a Repeal of Human Nature.

in order to carry them into effect. "Private property and free competition constitute the simple device by which civilization has been able to isolate individuals from one another and develop a sense of the sacredness of personality. Without this province for the free exercise of his will, and without a surrounding wall of privacy, the individual becomes attached to the social whole so closely that he can have no freedom of thought or action." Christ came and broke down the wall of partition built by ancient civilization. Now it is sought to again set up "an imperious public opinion which shall watch all that the individual does or refrains from doing, and which will suspect any departure he may make from the communal standard as treasonable in its intent. Wantonly to throw away these instrumentalities of our freedom is to throw away all that the race has gained for eighteen hundred years."

The *New York Herald* says: "The 'Independent' has gathered some valuable and interesting statistics showing the strength of the various Christian churches in the United States and their growth during the past year. From these it appears that there are in the United States 151,261 churches of all denominations, 103,300 ministers, and nearly 22,000,000 members. During the year there has been an increase of 8,500 churches, nearly 4,900 ministers, and nearly 1,000,000 members. The most numerous denomination is the Roman Catholic, with its 7,500 churches, 8,300 priests, etc., and 8,277,000 population, of whom 4,676,000 are estimated to be communicants. Then come the Methodists, with, in round numbers, 4,980,000 communicants; Baptists, 4,292,000; Presbyterians, 1,222,000; Lutherans, 1,066,000; Congregationalists, 491,000; and Episcopalians, 480,000. "The increase in the Catholic population during the year was 421,700. The estimated gain in Catholic communicants was over 238,000. "The growth of Protestant membership was 668,000. The Methodists gained more than 255,000, the Baptists more than 215,000, the Lutherans 98,000, the Congregationalists more than 16,000, and the Episcopalians about 9,500."

exercise of his will, and without a surrounding wall of privacy, the individual becomes attached to the social whole so closely that he can have no freedom of thought or action." Christ came and broke down the wall of partition built by ancient civilization. Now it is sought to again set up "an imperious public opinion which shall watch all that the individual does or refrains from doing, and which will suspect any departure he may make from the communal standard as treasonable in its intent. Wantonly to throw away these instrumentalities of our freedom is to throw away all that the race has gained for eighteen hundred years."

The Religious World.

—Mr. Samuel Hancock has donated a piece of property worth \$40,000, in San Francisco, for a Methodist church site.

—Eight mission ships are now cruising in the North Sea, each a combination of church, chapel, temperance hall and dispensary.

—Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, of the Methodist church, South, has resigned his charge to accept the prohibition nomination for governor of Tennessee.

—Rev. Dr. Justin D. Fulton has been called to the pastorate of the new Grace Baptist church, Montreal. He will not make his decision until fall.

—A "missionary wagon" for Erzerum, Turkey, is soon to be sent out by the Young People's Missionary Society of the Lincoln Park Church, Chicago.

—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, author of "The Sabbath for Man," is to start on a third transatlantic lecture tour in the interest of Sabbath reform in a few days.

—By the will of D. M. Weston, who died recently, \$30,000 is bequeathed to the Girls' Seminary at Northfield, and \$50,000 to Mr. Moody personally. This last, it is thought, will find its way into another school building.

—While Rev. Dr. Thwing, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is continuing his tour in India, Mrs. Thwing is tarrying in Canton, studying the Chinese language, with the object of using this acquirement in laboring among the Chinese of New York and Brooklyn.

—The Jews in New York City have forty-nine synagogues, and constitute a larger population than in Jerusalem itself, numbering nearly ninety thousand. Although comprising ten per cent. of the population, they contribute less than one per cent. to the criminal classes.

—A despatch from Chicago says: "Rev. Dr. G. C. Lorimer, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, has tendered his resignation on account of ill health, and it is predicted that he will never again be able to enter the pulpit. The pastor is now lying very ill at his home, where he is receiving close medical attention."

—Says the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*: "A citizen of Edinburgh has made a donation of almost ninety thousand pounds to wage warfare against poverty, and against the use of opium and intoxicating liquor and tobacco. The money, conveyed to five trustees, is for advancing the cause of total abstinence at home and abroad; and for arousing the people of Scotland, England and Ireland, or of the whole United Kingdom, or of other lands, to a sense of the dangerous, pernicious and evil influences and operations of the Church of Rome."

—Information has been received in New York of the murder in the Sudan, by Arabs, of F. M. Gates, E. Kingman and John E. Jaderquist, Presbyterian missionaries, who, with seven other missionaries, left the United States in May last. Another account says that Gates and a companion named Harris died of fever, and the father of Harris, who is a citizen of Augusta, Me., has received a letter confirming the latter version. The missionaries were about starting on an expedition into the interior, and it is possible that Kingman and Jaderquist were murdered, as stated.

—"As there is much ignorance about the Armenians," says the *Christian at Work*, "a few facts may be interesting. About 2,000,000 of Armenians live in Armenia. The rest are scattered over the East. There are altogether about 4,000,000. Mager, 'The Servant of Jesus Christ, by the Grace of God,' is the 'Catholics of all the Armenians and Patriarch of the Holy Convent of Echmiadzin in Russian territory, near Mt. Ararat.' There are four other Patriarchs in the Armenian Church—the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Sis and Aklmatan. The last two are only Bishops, with the honorary title of Patriarch."

—A National Missionary Conference is to be held in Indianapolis, September 3-9, 1890. Its theme will be: "Shall the Gospel be given to all people during this generation?" To meet the needs of the great world lying in darkness, one hundred thousand missionaries are going forth this year. It is hoped that this gathering will result in greatly aroused interest in sending them. Among the prominent workers expected are: Bishop William Taylor, of Africa, Dr. James H. Brooks, W. E. Blackstone, Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, Dr. A. J. Gordon, C. H. Yattman, Dr. A. T. Pierson, James Johnston, of Jamaica, Rev. H. L. Hastings, H. W. Frost, T. C. Horton, Orr Ewing, of China, Robert E. Spear, A. Nash, Chas. E. Hartburn, and many others. A large number of missionary volunteers are expected to be present to bear testimony and add fuel to the missionary fire. Much time will be given to Bible study. One entire day will be set apart for prayer. The needs of some of the great fields, such as China and Africa, will be presented. The facts concerning foreign missionary work, both past, present and future, will be considered. Testimony meetings will be held, and opportunities for small gatherings for prayer and conference.

—The *New York Herald* says: "The 'Independent' has gathered some valuable and interesting statistics showing the strength of the various Christian churches in the United States and their growth during the past year. From these it appears that there are in the United States 151,261 churches of all denominations, 103,300 ministers, and nearly 22,000,000 members. During the year there has been an increase of 8,500 churches, nearly 4,900 ministers, and nearly 1,000,000 members. The most numerous denomination is the Roman Catholic, with its 7,500 churches, 8,300 priests, etc., and 8,277,000 population, of whom 4,676,000 are estimated to be communicants. Then come the Methodists, with, in round numbers, 4,980,000 communicants; Baptists, 4,292,000; Presbyterians, 1,222,000; Lutherans, 1,066,000; Congregationalists, 491,000; and Episcopalians, 480,000. "The increase in the Catholic population during the year was 421,700. The estimated gain in Catholic communicants was over 238,000. "The growth of Protestant membership was 668,000. The Methodists gained more than 255,000, the Baptists more than 215,000, the Lutherans 98,000, the Congregationalists more than 16,000, and the Episcopalians about 9,500."

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Miscellaneous.

THE GREATER METHODISM.

REV. W. H. DANIELS.

I.
DILKE's pleasant volumes, entitled "The Greater Britain," have doubtless kindled many a smile and provoked many a frown by the cool and easy way in which he sets his own country in the centre of earthly things and claims for her people, either directly or indirectly, the most of the power and glory of the habitable globe. Outside of those two small islands which are by courtesy styled "Great Britain," he finds "the greater Britain" in America, Australia, India, etc.—all of which lands he includes in the term "Saxondom," having in 1876 an area of nine and a half millions of square miles and a population of three hundred millions of people: a realm four and a half times as great as the Roman Empire at its widest extent. To this "greater Britain" is annually added, in Africa and Oceania, an extent of territory larger than the original Great Britain herself, thereby assuring the continuance of her supremacy among the nations, and affording the basis of a startling prophecy of the ultimate geography, politics, and religion of the world.

The author does not say it in so many words, but the inference from his facts is clear and inevitable, that persons now living may actually hear the English language spoken and the English Bible read by the vast majority of mankind.

One after another, Great Britain had passed her competitors in the race—Spain, Holland, France, Russia—until only the new Germany remained; but the young Emperor Frederick sealed his own fate and slowed down the progress of his empire when, in his visit to the Vatican, he bowed the knee to the Pope. How could he have forgotten Sadowa, and poor Maximilian, and the two Napoleons? One is almost inclined by that ill-omened act to believe in the predictions of the millennial and Anglo-Israel prophets that Germany will be worsted in the next fight with France, and that the Anglo-Saxons are to stand forth as the Israel of God in these last days, in whom will be fulfilled those Scripture promises of ultimate earthly dominion in the climax of joy and glory.

Enthusiastic Englishmen may well be pardoned for telling the truth about both the Great and greater Britain, even though that truth cannot be told in a way to please their neighbors across the Channel or by the Neva. And the only way in which the enthusiastic Englishmen aforesaid can save themselves from patriotic vanity is to give themselves, soul and body, to the God-appointed task of working out, in His name, the mighty prophecy to be read between the lines of her history under the reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria.

And where are we to look for the "Saxondom" of the church? Where else but in the history of "the people called Methodists," who, though dating back only to the month of November, 1729—at which date the Holy Club was formed at Oxford—have in that hundred and sixty-one years become

A vast, free, Evangelical, World-encircling Christian Empire.

the marvel of the ages and one of the great lights of the world.

Passing now the history of this body in Great Britain, let us take a glimpse at its beginnings in "the greater Britain." In the year 1760, six years before the names of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck appear, one Robert Strawbridge, a Methodist local preacher, with his wife, settled in the woods of Frederick County, Maryland, at a place called Sam's Creek; these two persons, as far as is now known, comprised the whole of the Methodist denomination on this continent. The Wesleys had come and gone, escaping from their liberty, if not for their lives, from the mission they had attempted to establish in the Oglethorpe colony in Georgia; and now for over twenty years (the date of their flight was Dec. 6, 1737), nothing had been heard of them or of the high ritualistic severities which, in the name of piety, they sought to fasten upon the motley crowd of emigrants at Frederick and Savannah.

The eloquent George Whitefield, who was one of the Holy Club at Oxford, had sailed for America just as the Wesleys were arriving in England again, but he had now abandoned the Methodist theology, usages, and fraternity; so his ill-fated orphanage in Georgia does not count in the Methodist column.

From 1760 to the present year this body of believers has increased from 2 to 4,646,953. This, it must be remembered, is the record of actual communicants; and if the usual reckoning is to be made for adherents, not members, the Methodist population on this side of the Atlantic reaches the vast aggregate of

Over Twenty-two Millions of Souls.

This is "the greater Methodism." The great, i. e., the Great Britain, Methodist numbers only 1,036,446. We say "only" by comparison, but if it were not for the former figures, these latter would seem prodigious.

Is the statement of these facts anywhere unwelcome? Does it seem like boasting to recount them? Well, what can we do? It is God who makes history; men only write it. There is a law of gravity that applies in politics and religion as well as in physics. An Englishman or a Methodist can no more lift himself in a basket than can a Frenchman or a Unitarian. If, then, it has pleased God to make "a greater Britain" and "a greater Methodism," let those rejoice over it who can.

But there are two sides to a banner; one looks toward yesterday, the other toward tomorrow. The chief use of the past is as a foundation for a future. History once was prophecy to him who sees the end from the beginning, and prophecy will become history all in due time.

The book above mentioned ends with a prediction that, at a date within the probable lifetime of the young persons for whom these lines are written, the actual population of "Saxondom" will be three hundred millions—a force, physical and intellectual, sufficient to dominate mankind. Will any one—dare any one—make a prophecy on a similar basis for the future of "the people called Methodists?" And yet if it shall please God to Saxondize rather than to Latinize the earth,

then the earth ought to rejoice, for God is good. I leave the rest of this parallelism to be put into words by any who have the courage and faith to do it; only saying, with a heart full of gratitude, and face towards the future, the greater Methodism is the Methodism that is yet to be.

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name? Wan and drooping on his road, very faint and lame,
Pale brow overshadowed, eyes all quenched and dim—
Is it Pain who cometh? Did the Lord send him?

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name? Meeting never praises, only tears and blame,
Mourning veil to hide him, eyes which tears o'er-brim—
Is it Grief who cometh? Did the Lord send him?

Who is this that cometh in the Lord's dear name? In his strange and searching gaze burns a pallid flame,
Mourning flowers crown his head, terrible and grim—
Is it Death who cometh? Did the Lord send him?

Never messenger shall come if he be not sent;
We will welcome one and all, since the Lord so meant;
Welcome Pain or Grief or Death, saying with glad acclaim,
"Blessed be all who come to us in the Lord's dear name!"

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Congregationalist*.

FAITH-CURE CONVENTION AT OLD ORCHARD.

REV. GEO. S. CHADBOURNE, D. D.

II.

HAVING told the readers of the HERALD of the things I saw and heard at the recent gathering of faith-cure disciples, I now proceed to state some of my own convictions in reference to the matter; and these convictions are based not only on what I have just witnessed, but also on a candid and careful study of the subject, extending through several years. To me it has seemed worthy of such a study, and that for several reasons:

1. It brings us face to face with that great, perplexing, and terrible problem of the ages—human ill and suffering. Disease and pain and death are in the world, and against them men have to contend. They are, as they have ever been, the great enemies to human welfare and happiness. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." How to escape these, how to alleviate them—these have always been profoundly interesting questions. Whatever has promised to give in any measure "the redemption of the body" from its dread evils, has been welcomed by the aching, groaning heart of humanity. Human remedies and skill often fail to bring the desired relief, though sought long, earnestly, and patiently. Is it wonderful then that men in their extremity

Turn from the Human Sources of Help to the Superhuman?

That when the arm of flesh so utterly fails them they look to the arm Divine? To me there is nothing wonderful, nothing surprising in it at all. Rather, it appears as the natural, the instinctive prompting of the soul; and when men do so, even though they do it in a misguided, mistaken manner, they are not to be denounced—still less hastily and unparingly condemned. They are rather to be pitied, both because of the terrible pressure of ill that drives them to this action, and because of the wrong ideas as to privilege and duty which they may entertain.

2. These people, or at least many of them, are conscientious and sincere. There is no good reason to think they do not verily believe themselves to be right, walking in the light, and availing themselves of the blessings of a true revelation of the Lord. There is no appearance of hypocrisy about them, or of any evil motive whatever. Conscientiousness, sincerity, are entitled to respect—even though we may not approve the views or the conduct of the person. We surely have no right to make ourselves judges of other men's consciences to the extent of harsh or uncharitable estimates of them because we do not, or cannot, see truth and duty as they see them. In this instance, as in many others, it is well to remember the precept, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

3. We are to hold in mind the fact that there is, as all Christians would doubtless allow,

Some Foundation of Truth Underlying Their Teachings and Belief.

We have full reason to believe—reason based on the Word of God, and on the history and experience of His people in all ages—that divine healing has sometimes been granted in answer to fervent prayer. This has ever been claimed by some of the most pious, intelligent and judicious men and women of the church; and, personally, I see no reason for a moment to dispute the claim. Our God is the God of providence as well as the God of grace, and He has surely taught us that we may ask and expect from Him temporal as well as spiritual blessings. These He gives or withholds as, in the exercise of His sovereign wisdom and goodness, He sees best to do. And so we may ask health or life at His hand, assured that they shall be given if His glory and our highest good demand the gift, and not otherwise. Faith-cure doctrines, then, are not an "utterly baseless fabric," but, within certain limitations, have their warrant in the Word of God.

Granting, then, due consideration to the above facts, what shall we say of the doctrines and testimonies of divine healing as set forth in this convention? I must answer that, to me, in their main features, they seem utterly false and misleading, and calculated to work immense harm. And for this judgment I am willing to give what are to me good and sufficient reasons.

1. I cannot reconcile them with what I am obliged to regard as any proper or just interpretation of the Bible. Nowhere can I find in revelation the warrant for any such assumptions as these people derive from it, but must consider them as fanciful and strained, and utterly unworthy of intelligent belief. I find there clearly and plainly the precious doctrine of a present

Redemption for Man's Soul; but not for his Body.

For this latter he must "wait" in pain and suffering until the hour of final deliverance shall come. And all teachings and inferences to the contrary seem to me as forced and unwarranted as those on which rest the claims for a second probation. The Bible does not promise exemption from the ills of disease

and suffering, not even to God's dear children, and it is certain that they have never had it. Though here and there one may have been delivered, the great mass have been left to groan under the burden to which all flesh is the heir. From God's Word I can reach no other conclusion.

2. But I may be told that I do not read that Word aright; that a veil is before my eyes. The faith-cure advocate may tell me that he has received a further revelation of truth, and so knows what I do not, what my unbelief prevents me from knowing. Then I inquire why this revelation has not come to men before. Why should it have been withheld so long? Surely it cannot be claimed that the world has not needed it as much in pain as now; nor can it be urged that they are not worthy of so great a gift—that they were not as holy, or as ready and able to make a wise use of it. Surely

The Saints of Past Ages Ought to have Known this Will of God

concerning His children, and they ought to have found this grand and blessed deliverance. Why should they have been left so long to travail in pain and woe while living, and why should so many have been prematurely cut off by disease, if God had this better thing in store for them? A leader of these people said to me that this blessing of healing was one of the provisions of the Atonement. Then, surely, it could not be long to these latter days alone. Men ought to have known and enjoyed it before. Why did they not? I have asked this question of them, and as yet have had no answer that is at all satisfactory to my reason or my faith. I stoutly maintain that, if this gift belongs to the Christian dispensation, that dispensation ought to, and, I believe, would have received it before.

3. Still another, and to some minds, probably the most fatal objection to these doctrines, is the frequent and sad failure on the part of those who embrace them to realize the benefits which they promise. It is a notorious fact that many of these are not healed; their faith does not deliver them from disease and pain and death. The reply made, when such cases are urged, is that these people did not exercise a real faith, or that there was something wrong in them which prevented the reception of the healing power. But that is only paltry trifling, an unfair evasion of damaging testimony. We reply that these unfortunate ones did believe; at all events, they declared they did, and they certainly did so far as they could. There can be no reasonable doubt of this. But in spite of their faith, and, in not a few cases, their profession that they were healed, disease marched steadily onward, and in due time completed its deadly work. If these gifts are the heritage of all believers, I declare that these persons ought to have had them, for they did all in their power to secure them, but utterly failed.

Several such instances have occurred under my own observation. In one, a most excellent man, an official member in a church of which I was pastor, not only declared himself cured, but for some three months confessed in all our social meetings "to the praise and glory of God" the great work that had been done for him. But within four months from the time of his healing, I was called to officiate at his funeral; and a more sincere or devout man I have rarely known. In another instance, the faith of a good man was utterly wrecked because his wife had died of internal cancer after being duly anointed for healing, and both of them had "fully believed," as he said, that she should be healed. His faith having failed here,

The Poor Man Lost all Faith.

And these two cases are samples of many more that might easily be cited. It seems certain that a gift intended for all believers, a provision of the Atonement for the race, could not operate in that uncertain and freaky manner.

But some one may ask: How do you account for those cases, reported at the convention, of complete cure, which lasted in some instances through years? First, I am not prepared to say that no one of them could have been a genuine cure. I admit that some of them may have been. Second, in some of them there must have been mistake and delusion. Imagination must have had some part in the work, and the purely natural triumph of the mind over the body another part. But when somebody will furnish me a rational and convincing answer to the three points above made against these doctrines—especially the second and third—then will I be ready to account further for the testimonies I heard at the convention. Till then I must remain not a convert to faith-cure doctrines.

ROCHE'S "LIFE OF JOHN PRICE DUBRIN."

DUBRIN'S Eloquence.

REV. A. H. HERRICK, M. A.

IN preparing this biography, Dr. Roche has done no slight service to the church, and especially to the younger ministry who have not heard the princely orator of whom he writes. If ever a workman wrought *con amore*, it is he. He is not Durbin's Boswell, because he is on a far higher plane; but he yields to no Boswell in admiration for his hero. To the essential qualification of sympathy with the man whose life he would portray, he adds noticeable skill and beauty as a writer.

Limitation of space induces here omission of detailed reference to the career of Dr. Durbin; but we wish to dwell briefly upon his remarkable eloquence. He was great as an educator. He was pre-eminent as a missionary secretary, and some would scarcely hesitate to say that he made the Missionary Society what it is. But perhaps his fame as a preacher will linger most persistently; and of his eloquence it is not true what we may suspect to be true of that of some—that it is distance which "lends enchantment to the view." The very ones who listened to him are those who most emphatically assert

His Almost Magic Power.

Summerfield, Bascom, Durbin, Simpson—among this illustrious four, does not the pre-eminence belong to Durbin?

His biographer informs us that this great man "was pre-eminently a preacher of fundamental truths." "His ministry was not weakened by dangerous theological speculation," but "looked to the conviction, conversion, and profiting, of men." "His sermons

were formed to instruct, impress, and move." "Arguments, narratives, illustrations, came in natural order. But application—what our fathers called the 'life of preaching'—was to Dr. Durbin a strong hope for the moral effect and permanent result of his discourse. His peroration was the place of concentrated thought and power." "More than imagination, dramatic power, or the voice, was the unctious of the Holy One in the ministry of Dr. Durbin." "In that Spirit was his highest hope and noblest triumph."

His delivery was peculiar in that he usually began with a drawl. Said a friend to the writer, "Dr. Durbin would begin with a drawl, almost a whine, as if he hardly wished people to listen to him." Dr. C. F. Deems is quoted as saying: "He would begin his sermons in an elocution which is a cross between a Quaker intonation and the harsh Baptist whine, and succeeded in almost immediately arresting the attention of the hearer by making the appearance of a cat-like approach upon his intellect. The hearer would watch to see what was coming next, and felt very much like a mouse that knew that the distance between the cat and himself had diminished, but was afraid to run lest any motion should provoke the dreaded sudden spring. Then there came a period in which the attacking party moved from side to side, apparently, and did not make much additional approach. Then there was a moment of stillness, and then there was a bound, not as of a cat on a mouse, but as of a tiger on some nobler game, producing a thrill that made all the vegetation of the jungle tremble." Beginning in the manner described, he would ordinarily before long

Startle the Hearer with a Sentence of Amazing Brilliancy,

or concentration of thought, arresting attention and compelling admiration. Perhaps he would for a little relapse into the comparatively indifferent manner in which he had been proceeding; but soon he would rise again, and from his lips would roll sentences so beautiful and forceful, embodying so forcible and beautiful thoughts, that all must give rapt attention. Occasionally he would linger almost through his discourse in the quiet delivery which usually characterized the introductory portion—though it is to be observed that invariably his thought from the outset was valuable. Sometimes he would rouse almost immediately to more animated style. Usually he made advance as has been indicated, both in thought, in rhetoric, and in delivery.

Happy is the speaker of whom can be truthfully said what Dr. Roche says of Durbin: "Gesture came without call. . . . We should say he made no gestures; they made themselves. At first, they were few and modest, and came with such ease and stealth as hardly to be recognized. They expressed emotion as words conveyed thought. In the periods of his highest excitement and grandest achievement all his powers were vocal. The body was full of tongues, and gesture was the rival of speech. The finger, the hand, the arm, the attitude, as well as the eye, communicated, but each in unity with the other."

The effect of his eloquence was remarkable. Twenty years after listening to a sermon in which the preacher represented the unprofitable servant cast into outer darkness, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, said, "So vividly was the scene depicted by Durbin as he suited the action to the word, that I saw the fellow fall and heard him when he dropped!"

At a camp-meeting held shortly after young Durbin opened his ministry, the presiding elder was urged to have Durbin preach on the Sabbath. He objected, but the preacher in charge insisted, and said he would "pay the costs." The presiding elder assented, but "put him up" at eight in the morning, to have him out of the way in case of failure. "His reading of the hymn was with trembling, the prayer humble; but there was a holy union about it. The introduction of the sermon was faulty; it was slightly drawing and embarrassed; but hark! there sparkles a sentence of beauty; others follow in rapid succession, of marvelous splendor, unctious, and power. 'Bless the Lord!' said the presiding elder. 'Amen!' the costs won't be much," replied the preacher in charge. Soon the vast throngs arose to their feet, crowding to the glowing orator and

Swaying like Trees under the Blast of a Tornado."

It is narrated that when he was preaching a sermon in Chambersburg, Pa., on the Judgment Day, as he proceeded, "the audience heard the tearing, ripping of the skies as a piece of parchment cracks when it is torn, and became violently agitated. No one knew whether a passing cloud momentarily obscured the sun, or not; but the whole assembly rose as one man and rushed to get out of the building, paying no regard to the doors, but pressing against the closed shutters, which were wrenched off from their fastenings by the hurrying crowd; the utmost consternation prevailed."

Rev. E. S. Hebbard, of the New York East Conference, speaking of a sermon on the Prodigal Son preached by Durbin when about thirty-four, represents him as pleading with sinners to return to their Father's house, and then saying: "'Sinner, Gabriel is here now, waiting for your decision. What do you say, wanderer? Will you come home?' and then he bent forward in the attitude of a listener, as if waiting for the prodigal's answer; and then, changing his position and looking up, he cried in a tone of sadness, 'O Gabriel, the sinner says No; he will not come home.' And, after a short pause, he said, 'O, thou messenger of heaven, write not 'No' on the docket of eternity! Wait, angel of God, the sinner relents. I see the tear in his eye. Gabriel, the sinner says Yes; the prodigal is coming home.' Then, with expressive gesture and appropriate words, he represented God's angel as flying through the heavens and entering the pearly gates of glory to announce the good tidings. And then the eloquent preacher cried aloud, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; that we may behold the joy of the happy hosts of glory, and hear the joyful notes of the heavenly choir singing 'The dead is alive, the lost is found; and then amid the sobs of penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he sat down. It

Seemed as if We Could Look through the Gates

and see the happy immortals, and hear their songs of rejoicing."

Bishop Bowman, as quoted in the biography, says, "On one occasion, at a camp-meeting in the Cumberland Valley, I heard the doctor preach a sermon of marvelous power. As in a few other instances, his discourse was intensely interesting and attractive from the beginning. Although it was about two hours long, there was not the slightest sign of uneasiness or weariness in the great congregation. About the middle of the sermon the mass of the people unconsciously rose to their feet, pressed around the pulpit, and stood spell-bound to the end. At one time, while he was describing the condition of the lost, an intelligent, well-educated lawyer standing near me grasped a tree against which he was leaning and began to climb it. Three times I had to pull him down, and after the close of the services he could not be made to realize the condition through which he had passed."

But we will not multiply instances of the amazing effects produced by Dr. Durbin's sermons. Doubtless his biographer is correct when he says, "No sermon that he published, however grand the theme, or excellent the plan, or appropriate the diction, or logical the reasoning, nothing that he ever wrote or that others can ever write of him, will give his voice or exhibit his spirit."

We have said that Dr. Durbin both desired and had the unctious of the Holy One. This will be readily believed when it is known that on occasions he was not less mighty in prayer than in preaching. Dr. Roche gives an account of a prayer offered by Durbin in "John Street," as reported to him by Joseph Longking, D. D.: "When he began he was slow and conversational. There was nothing to impress with favor except that it was reverent and sensible. But in a little time he seemed to be drawing very near to God; then he warmed; then the people warmed; then he glowed; then the people took fire; then he seemed to be talking to God, as if He was with him, face to face in the pulpit. So profoundly was Mr. Longking stirred and so filled was he with wonder that he

Involuntarily Arose from his Knees, and Looked at the Man

in audience with Deity as he never realized with any man before or since."

Is it asked, "What made Durbin so marvelous a preacher?" Reference may be made to his assiduous endeavor to overcome early faults, and to his strenuous effort to become a master in his work. Some influence may be attributed to the peculiarities of the time in which he achieved his great triumphs of sacred oratory. Bishop Foster, in the introduction to the biography, gives a graphic account of the circumstances peculiarly favorable to such triumphs, arising from the newness of the country, the unctious character of the age, and the fact that in a time when the pen and printed page were less in use, "the people were eager to hear." But while circumstances may have had something to do with Durbin's eloquence, the fact that like circumstances did not secure like results in others assures us that what Durbin was, had more. Perhaps the most comprehensive, though not explicit, answer to the question above indicated would be, the explanation of Durbin's eloquence is—Durbin.

Such is the charm of these pages that the prayer rises unbidden to one's lips, "Let me live long enough to hear such a preacher as Durbin in his prime!" The young preacher will do well to read this book. The biographical portion is followed by one hundred and forty pages on "Homiletics and Sacred Oratory," with especial reference to Durbin's preaching. This is valuable reading.

The great charm of the book lies in that it presents to us Durbin himself; as is declared in the introduction, "That flash . . . of his eye startles you as it did when you sat before him; that transfused countenance, that upturned face, that wand of the uplifted hand, together with the words that make him the most magic of preachers, come to you over and over again as you read the interesting pages."

CLASS-MEETINGS.

A LAYMAN.

I WISH to add my testimony in favor of class-meetings. For over half a century I have lived in a community where this means of grace has always been maintained. When our fathers commenced here in the wilderness to make for themselves homes, the worship of God was instituted. Soon after, a class of six was formed, and although this was way back early in the century, the meetings have been regularly maintained ever since. I would state that the locality of which I write is simply a farming community, away from any village, so that it is not convenient to have the class-meetings held in the evening. During most of this time there has been preaching once in two weeks—the place forming part of a circuit.

For many years this has been the plan: Sunday-school followed by preaching on Sabbath, and a class-meeting the next. In this way the exercises do not become lengthy or tedious. About all of the members of the congregation are in the Sunday-school, and the greater part in the class-meeting. The attendance is much better than were the class-meetings when held in the evening. It is also very evident, I think, that this plan of service is far better for the spiritual interest of this community than were the more general practice followed of having preaching every Sabbath. We had a trial of this plan for a year not long since. Sunday-school was followed by preaching and that by a class-

meeting. After a short time it was found that the class-meeting was losing in attendance and interest. This was a matter of sincere regret, so a slight change was made, which it was hoped would be for the better. The Sunday-school was held a little earlier in the day, and was followed by the class-meeting before the hour for preaching arrived. Under this arrangement the class-meeting improved, but the preaching service suffered from the change. So we found that the third exercise, whatever it might be, would be but poorly sustained, for the reason that the whole was made too long. At the close of the Conference year we went back to the old plan, followed for some twenty years, and are satisfied that it is the best for us. Of course this would not be the case in most places, but the class-meeting is thought too much of here to have its usefulness abridged to any serious extent by any arrangements.

Some may ask, How about the attendance on the day when there is no preaching; is it as good as on the other? We notice no particular difference. We might have preaching every Sabbath, but for the reasons given prefer to have it only once in two weeks, believing it to be the better way for us.

I have been much surprised to learn that the class-meeting in some places is not esteemed as it used to be, while in others it is hardly maintained at all. In this most profitable means of grace connected with the Methodist church, which came into existence with its birth and has been a prominent feature in its spiritual growth and development since, to be abridged in its usefulness now, or to give way to other exercises, good in themselves, but which in reality can never take the place of the class-meeting in the church; let the preaching service be most heartily sustained, but with a live prayer-meeting on one hand and the class-meeting on the other, will not this service be rendered the most effective, and all work together most harmoniously for the glory of God and the salvation of the people?

A recent gathering of the Salvation Army in this described by the *Christian World*. "One of the most remarkable sights of the present century was witnessed at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, July 15, namely, of a single religious organization taking entire possession for the day of this immense building and its 290 acres of surrounding grounds, and so occupying them as practically to shut out the general public altogether. . . . It was generally thought that something like a hundred thousand persons were present. Never had such a gathering of the Army, or of any religious body, been witnessed before. . . . There were women's meetings, rescue meetings, open-air meetings, a solemn assembly, slum meetings, and we know not what besides—in all some five-and-twenty. Then came the imposing March Past of 25,000 Salvation soldiers, who took an hour and a half to pass a given point; and the most impressive event of all, the Musical Festival, which closed the proceedings of the day. Here were 1,000 brass instruments, the great organ, and probably 20,000 voices, singing and playing the Salvation Army melodies with unspeakable energy and fervor. The crash may be imagined. It was a fitting close to a wonderful day."

THE BRAZILIAN DISTRICT OF THE N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

FROM "New England Notes" in the *Christian Advocate* of May 22, I extract two clauses, which, while referring to the N. E. Southern Conference as it was before the organization of the Brazilian district, are especially to the point since this new district has been added. Take note: "The territory of the Conference is quite peculiar," and "the work of the Conference is enlarging; new promising fields are opening which call for more laborers." The territory—it now includes, beside all the State of Connecticut east of the Connecticut River, all the State of Rhode Island, and a part of Massachusetts, a portion of Brazil, of greater extent than all the land east of the Mississippi. The three stations on the district—Manaos, Para, and Pernambuco, at the ends and middle of a curved line 2,000 miles long—are reached only by river and ocean travel. The position of the presiding elder, who is also preacher in charge at Para, may be compared to that of a presiding elder at New Orleans with another station at St. Paul and another at New York before there were any railroads in the United States.

Of the new, promising fields opening to the Conference, none are more so than those on the Brazilian district. Never before in the history of Brazil were the conditions so favorable for the preaching of the Gospel and the establishment of Methodist churches. If the new promising fields in New England call for more laborers, how much more urgent is the call for Brazil! "To be supplied," standing against the names of Manaos and Pernambuco does not indicate in any degree the laborers needed on this district. The real number of places to be supplied cannot easily be estimated. Bible agents and colporteurs have scattered some seed in this region, and we know of several places from which have come definite calls for a missionary. With the exception of what may be done by the seven churches which compose the Pernambuco Presbytery and two independent churches in Pernambuco, this vast district is ours to develop.

H. Maxwell Wright, an evangelist, who, through having been born and educated in Portugal, has special qualifications for work in this country, is now on a tour in this vast district. Having given a month to Pernambuco, he will visit other coast cities, and then go up the Amazon, a region which offers remarkable opportunities for evangelization, but until now little improved. Bro. Wright is the agent of no society, and works in the interest of no denomination. That the seed he sows may be nurtured, and the fruit gathered, he should be followed at once by Methodist pastors.

In the "New England Notes" referred to, it is said that about 50 charges in the N. E. Southern Conference must be supplied from the local ministry. Fifty preachers over this one district alone; but we have no local ministry to draw from. The demand can only be supplied from the ministry of our American Methodism. Local preachers who will work on this district may communicate with the presiding elder, Rev. Justus H. Nelson, Caixa 177, Para, Brazil; and traveling preachers should apply for transfer and appointment to Bishop Nindé who presided at the last session of the N. E. Southern Conference.

GEORGE B. NINDE, Lay Missionary.

Pernambuco, Brazil, July 13.

HYMNOLOGY.

REV. C. S. NUTTER.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, proves that it is the Wesleyan succession by its persistent effort to print and circulate good books. Only a year or two ago the Book Concern at Nashville published Dr. Sumner's "Systematic Theology" in two handsome octavo volumes. And now from the same house comes not only a new hymn-book, an event of a generation, but simultaneously an annotated edition of the same. The full title is: "Our Hymns and Their Authors. An Annotated Edition of the Hymn Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." The author is Rev. Dr. Tillet, Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University.

The plan of the work is the same as that of our Annotated Edition, by Rev. C. S. Nutter. All the annotated hymns, with the exception of these two, give only the first line of the hymns; these give them entire in the same order as in the hymn book, and, sandwiched between them, the historical, critical, and literary notes.

The labor of writing up the history of a thousand "hymns of the ages" is something serious. It is less now, however, than formerly. Prof. Tillet has availed himself freely of the labors of his predecessors, to whom he gives credit in his preface, and occasionally in the text; we notice several paragraphs, however, that should be placed within quotation marks. The new Hymn-book contains, including doxologies, 929 selections from some 260 authors. One impression we get in looking over this work is that it is a genuine Methodist book. Here are the hymns sung by the Wesleyans themselves; more than one-third of the whole book is of Wesleyan origin. There are 113 by Montgomery, and the rest, as a rule, are the standard hymns of the church. So similar is the book to our own, that it might be used in any of our churches and the congregation would hardly know the difference. The Church South might have done worse than to reprint our Hymnal entire. We suggest that when another hymn-book is needed, all the American Methodists unite in compiling it. The differences among us are so few that we can use the same hymnal just as well as we can the same Bible.

The latest craze in hymnody is that all selections must be rejected except those that offer direct thanksgiving or petition; that is, all hymns must be praise-songs or prayer-songs. All invitation, hortatory and exhortatory hymns, and in general, all Gospel hymns must be eliminated. This fashion has struck the Church South. It would send aside a large number of old standards as well as many modern favorites. It is unscriptural; we are exhorted to speak to ourselves in "spiritual songs" as well as in "psalms and hymns" (Eph. 5: 19). The same rule would exclude the use of the twenty-third Psalm. It is neither a praise nor a prayer-song; it is an experimental hymn. Singing, in public worship, is not to be regarded as an end—a fine art to be admired—as a means of grace. The old "York" hymn-book, the English ancestor of the whole American hymn-book family, began with "Awakening and Inviting" hymns. It is a sad day for Methodism, and for the world, when that element is left out of its hymnody.

We notice some errors in this work, but they are not so serious as to injure it for the purpose for which it was designed; they will be pointed out by hymnologists and corrected by the author in later editions. Effective singing has always been a strong feature in Methodist worship, and we congratulate the Church South upon the publication of this work. The multiplication of books has not been an unmixed good. The library of the early itinerants consisted largely of a pocket Bible, a Discipline, and a hymn-book. It is safe to say that they studied these three books as they are not studied in these days. Bishop Asbury, the compiler of one of our early hymn-books, is said to be the author of this quaint expression: "A Methodist preacher ought to be as familiar with his hymn-book as he is with his hat." The pastors of the M. E. Church, South, should buy this book at once, study it faithfully, and recommend it to their people.

Our Book Table.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS FOR EVERY FIREWIDE. Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos. By Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

Probably there is no clergyman, unless it be Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, to whom a life like this gives so much pleasure in his thoughts, would be more applicable. We regard Dr. Deems as the embodiment, in large measure, of that good, hard sense which should characterize the preacher more, perhaps, than any other professional man, largely because the popular estimate of the clergyman's possession of this most desirable quality is not very vivid. These selections cover suggestions, advice, and thoughts for the home; for old and young; for the business man and the clergyman. Most of them are so short that they can be read by one of the family to the others, and a great deal of instruction and help be thus garnered. We endorse the commendatory words of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in the preface: "The qualities which impressed Dr. Deems upon Commodore Vanderbilt, and also upon his son William H., are everywhere evident in this book—honesty of purpose, a clear conception of the object in view, lucidity of statement, and wisdom of suggestion. I am sure this work will be found of value in the home circle, both to the old and the young."

AN INTENSE LIFE. By George F. Herick. Fleming H. Revell: New York. Price, 50 cents.

This is a brief biography of Rev. Andrew T. Pratt, M. D., a missionary of the American Board in Turkey for twenty years. We regard Dr. Pratt as the embodiment, in large measure, of that good, hard sense which should characterize the preacher more, perhaps, than any other professional man, largely because the popular estimate of the clergyman's possession of this most desirable quality is not very vivid. These selections cover suggestions, advice, and thoughts for the home; for old and young; for the business man and the clergyman. Most of them are so short that they can be read by one of the family to the others, and a great deal of instruction and help be thus garnered. We endorse the commendatory words of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in the preface: "The qualities which impressed Dr. Deems upon Commodore Vanderbilt, and also upon his son William H., are everywhere evident in this book—honesty of purpose, a clear conception of the object in view, lucidity of statement, and wisdom of suggestion. I am sure this work will be found of value in the home circle, both to the old and the young."

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS IN THEOLOGY. By the Professors of Chicago Theological Seminary. Vol. VII. Boston: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society.

This is, in a very valuable volume, because it furnishes the judgment of able and scholarly men on the more recent books bearing upon theology—historical, exegetical, practical, and systematic. It embraces within its scope not only English, but German works of note and value. The discussions will be found to be varied and able. Whatever is agitating the surface—for the real depths must be stirred—of the theological sea, here finds presentation, and the reader can follow or reject. The clergyman who desires to keep fully abreast of the theological thought of the world, will appreciate this volume, as also the layman.

THE STORY OF THE BARBARIC COASTS. By Stanley Lane Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Poole has in the preparation of this volume the collaboration of Lieut. J. D.

Jerrold Kelley, U. S. Navy, and together they have made not only a readable, but a volume as any in this series, but in many respects, partly owing to the romantic people dealt with, one that is superior to any that has preceded. However unlawful, fierce, and cruel was the business of the pirates, there was always much of romance and thrilling adventure and incident connected with it; and a concise, exact and just record thereof is what we have before us. The jealousy and intrigue of the nations gave life and vigor to piracy, and it was not until the Congress of Aix la Chapelle in 1818, that the powers decided to crush the monster. The policy in dealing with piracy for over three centuries before this, exhibits about as well as anything historically can do, the dominion of selfishness of human nature. Even the law of civilization, except as it was in part a result of this selfishness, does not exhibit human nature in such an unfavorable and pessimistic light. One of the most fascinating pictures of water on the globe is the Mediterranean, and on its fair surface some of the most terrible occurrences in naval history have taken place, as well as some of the most famous. This volume adds to its notoriety in this respect. And here, too, we get a fair view of the Turk, and of Mohammedanism when Mohammed won his great victories over the Persians, won his great victories over the Persians. Then began the domination, at once cruel and fearful, of the Turkish Corsairs. The intricacies of political intrigues which were so prevalent in the last three centuries, is incidentally and admirably portrayed in this volume, and the reader gets therefore not only a knowledge of the Barbary Corsairs, but of all the different nations which circle about the Mediterranean. This book takes its place, with honor, in this series for which the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, are to be congratulated.

THIRTY-FIVE GOOD SERMONS. Compiled by Rev. Wellew W. Bowditch, D. D. (New York: J. S. Ogilvie.) This series of sermons was preached in the "Old John Street" Methodist Episcopal Church to business men, and published in order to widen the scope of their usefulness. They are interdenominational, and embrace such preachers as Archbishop Alex. Mackay Smith, D. D., Rev. A. R. Kendig, D. D., Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, D. D., Rev. James M. King, D. D., Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., and Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.—THE FIRST READER. By Anna B. Badlam. (D. C. Heath & Co.; Boston. Price, 35 cents.) A reader for the youngest pupils, it embraces excellent selections, and is carefully printed, having also abundant and fitting illustrations.—HARMOXY IN PRAISE. Compiled and Edited by Miles Whiting, D. D., Rev. A. R. Kendig, D. D., C. C. Heath & Co., Price, \$1.05. A good book of praise for three reasons: (1) The hymns are devotional. (2) Four hymns are given for each tune. (3) The music is arranged with low notes, and therefore young voices need not be strained. An excellent book for use in public schools.—PRACTICAL SANITARY AND ECONOMIC COOKING ADAPTED TO PERSONS OF MODERATE AND SMALL MEANS. By Mrs. Mary Hildan Abel. (Published by the American Public Health Association.) This is the latest Prize Essay. It is as good a book of its kind as we have seen. Every housekeeper will surely find in it what she cannot find anywhere else; and what she finds will be of great value and help to her in her kitchen labor. Mrs. Abel makes some very wise suggestions on general matters in connection with cooking.

Magazines and Periodicals.

In the Magazine of American History for August the opening paper is by Robert Ludlow Fowler, upon "Historic Houses and Revolutionary Letters," and is followed by "Glimpses of Log-cabin Life in Early Ohio," by Emanuel Spencer. Clement Ferguson portrays the historic associations of "The Blue and Beautiful Narragansett," and the editor furnishes an interesting biography of "Major-General Ebenezer Stevens." Roy Singleton takes a look at "Pleasure Parties in the Northwest." Prosper Denard, M. D., has a timely paper upon "The French Canadian Peasantry." The departments, as usual, are filled with interesting and valuable historical material.

The August Magazine of Christian Literature is the best we have yet seen. The three leading papers, grouped together, are enough to recommend it: "The Book of Jonah: Is it Fact or Fiction?" by T. W. Chambers, D. D., LL. D.; "The Difficulties of Scripture," by Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., LL. D.; "The Psalms," by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. There is much besides of timely importance.

J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., makes the frontispiece portrait in the August Treasury for Pastor and People. His biography and one of his sermons are also given. Bostwick Hawley, D. D., and James M. King, D. D., also have sermons in this number. Arthur Little, D. D., and P. S. Henson, D. D., conduct the "Children's Service," and Chancellor John Hall, D. D., LL. D., discusses "The Papacy in Politics." The editorial department is well filled, as are also all the others, with helpful material to the busy minister. New York: E. B. Treat.

The August Popular Science Monthly opens with a first paper on "Common Sense Applied to the Tariff Question," by Edward Atkinson, who treats it as a business, not a party, question. G. G. Groff, M. D., LL. D., discusses "Sanitary Work in Great Disasters." A finely-illustrated paper on "Missions and Missionaries of California," is furnished by Henry W. Henshaw. Frederick A. Fernald presents the "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Hell." David Starr Jordan concludes his paper on "Evolution and the Distribution of Animals." B. Hollander posits the "Centres of Idealism in the Brain." Elizabeth W. Bellamy amusingly describes "A Queer Pet," a devil's riding-horse. Edward B. Poulton, M. A., F. R. S., tells "The Uses of Animal Color." Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens furnishes a brief "Sketch of Rudolph Koenig," whose portrait is given. There are various articles reprinted from other scientific reviews. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Homiletic Review for the current month is a good number. The "Sermonic Section" is filled by such men as Chas. F. Thwing, D. D., Rev. Jesse T. Whitely, J. L. Withrow, D. D., Rev. A. C. Dixon, Jas. M. Ludlow, D. D., Wm. Wright, D. D., F. G. S. Rev. H. J. Parker, and Rev. Wm. S. Hinman. Other writers for this number are Charles E. Knox, D. D., Prof. G. H. Schodde, Ph. D., A. T. Pierson, D. D., Robert F. Sample, D. D., J. B. Remensnyder, D. D., Wayland Hoyt, D. D., Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., Prof. Willis J. Beecher, D. D., Howard Crosby, D. D., J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D. D., Joseph Parker, D. D., and William C. Wilkinson, D. D. When such men contribute, it means ability and value. Funk & Wagnalls: New York.

The North American for August has much of pleasurable summer reading, of a thoughtful kind. Gen. W. T. Sherman writes about "Our Army and Militia." Gail Hamilton

defends the "Society Women Before Christ." Dr. Paul Gieber advocates "The Pastoral Treatment." Dr. W. A. Hammond has some sensible suggestions concerning "False Hysteria." Mme. Blavatsky traces "Recent Progress in Theosophy." The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt goes about "Professionalism in Sports." The Hon. John Russell Young thinks that "American Influence in China" has been for good. The Dean of Westminster visits, with his readers, "In Westminster Abbey." Erasmus Wiman tells how will be brought about "The Capture of Canada." Grant Allen, under "Picky Preys," reads a pleasant botanical paper. Speaker Reed caustically emits "A Reply to X. M. C.," while "A Democratic Leader" defends the Speaker. The "Notes and Comments" are good. New York: 3 East Fourteenth St.

Obituaries.

[Obituaries are heretofore to be restricted to the space of 300 words; in the case of preachers to 400 words. Notices that exceed this limit, will be returned to their writers for revision.]

Brigham.—Brother Ellsworth Brigham died in Brooklyn, Minn., May 15, 1890, from cancer in the stomach, after nine months of suffering. He was born in Township No. 14, in Eastern Maine, 1820.

He was converted when fourteen years of age, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued his religious life as a faithful servant of Christ, loyal to his conscience and to God. He lived in the town of Whitneyville, Me., sixty years, and held the offices of class-leader and steward in the church for many years, doing faithful service for Christ. In 1846 he was married to Delia A. Willey, and after her death in 1858 he married Mary J. Phelps, who survives him. In 1882 he removed to the city of Minneapolis, Minn., and became a member of 13th Ave. M. E. Church, together with one son and two daughters, the only remaining children. Here as elsewhere he stood in the front rank of effective workers. In 1887 he removed to Brooklyn, Minn., on a farm twelve miles from the city, and united with the Brooklyn Centre M. E. Church.

During his long sickness he fully realized the meaning of, and constantly repeated as a familiar expression of his faith, the words, "I am ready, and chose it as the theme of his funeral service. Brother Brigham was a quiet, consistent Christian, uncompromising in suffering, and triumphant in his victory over death through Jesus Christ.

Jones.—Mrs. Bertha A. Jones, wife of George Edson Jones, died in Auburn, Me., May 7, 1890, aged 21 years and 10 days.

Bertha was the oldest daughter of Mr. Haley and Mrs. Nora Pulsifer, of Auburn. She was married Oct. 19, 1867. Bertha was beautiful in person, character and life. She was fond of music and painting, and of all that tended to the refinement of life. She was a good work. Her bright, breezy manners, happy and hopeful spirit, rare conversational powers, kind and generous heart, made her a general favorite in the church and in the city. She was happily married, and life was full of promise. She was the companion and aid, almost of her mother. She had very much to hold her to earth.

For about two months she has suffered much, but she was so patient and hopeful, that her friends did not look for any serious consequences until a short time before she died. But at the last she faced death with a noble bravery and in the sweet simplicity of faith. She said, "I believe the Methodists are right; I think when Christians die they go directly to heaven." The early death of one so beautiful is a terrible blow to the young husband, fond parents, and brother and sister, and it makes a sad vacancy in a wide circle of friends.

She was buried from the church on Saturday, May 10. The church was filled with mourning friends. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The funeral was assisted in the service by Rev. G. D. Lindsay, and Rev. H. A. Ladd.

Morrill.—The M. E. Church at Seabrook and the community at large have met with a severe loss in the death of Brother Abram Morrill, who was instantly killed in his stable, June 30, 1890. Brother Morrill arose in his usual health and after breakfast went to his work, and as he was lowering a piece of heavy machinery from the loft, a wheel broke, a piece of which, striking him in the head, killed him instantly.

Brother Morrill, who was only 30 years of age, was looked upon as a happy home and a good man, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and especially by the church with which he was connected, and the official board of which he was a member.

Brother Morrill leaves a young wife and little girl, to whom this blow must be a crushing effect; and yet with perfect trust in the all-wise God they can say, "The Lord's will be done."

Brother Morrill was an earnest and sincere Christian man, and since he joined the church has been deeply interested in its affairs. To the writer, who was privileged to extend to him the hand of fellowship as he became a member, he was very dear as a friend and brother, and the loss is keenly felt. During the winter season Brother Morrill was accustomed to open his home every week for a prayer-meeting, and these seasons have been specially blessed of God. Though he was so suddenly stricken down that he had no time to prepare, we believe that he was ready to meet his God, and has now entered into the reward of his labors.

Newcomb.—Hosie Newcomb was born in Swanton, N. H., Nov. 28, 1863.

When about seven years old the family removed to Vermont and settled in the beautiful valley of Mad River. In 1875, under the ministry of Rev. C. D. Caboon, during a gracious revival, he experienced the saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. His subsequent life gave evidence of a radical change, and soon after he connected himself with the M. E. Church, proving to be a most worthy member.

In 1877 he was joined in marriage with Miss Harriet Bixby, who was a most worthy wife and mother during sixty-three years of wedded life, the fruit of which was three sons and two daughters who followed their noble father in the path of duty. The oldest daughter, Lydia Shepherd, is a resident of Minneapolis, Minn.; Malena, the youngest, the wife of a physician, passed away some years since to the home of the faithful; Dan, the oldest son, is a practicing physician in Illinois; Don C., the youngest son, is extensively engaged in mercantile business in Atchafalaya, Kansas.

In 1888, Mr. Newcomb, finding his finances somewhat depleted by educating his children, removed to Kansas, hoping thereby to be better prepared to meet the coming necessities of old age; but sixteen years of faithful service did not add much to his temporal estate, and his broken constitution and his good name were returned to Vermont. Henceforth his home was in the family of his son, George B., where filial affection and Christian kindness shed their cheering rays on most worthy parents, until Dec. 11, 1889, when the enraptured husband and father left the earthly tenement for the home not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens, aged 56 years.

Mr. Newcomb's life from childhood to maturity was characterized by manliness, and in all the relations of office or trust he sustained his long life, in town business, general government, and the church (filling nearly all the offices in the gift of the church), it may be truly said that "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The removal of such ones from the relations of

this life, sundering, as it does, most precious ties, is indeed a great loss to those who remain here, but a great gain to the church of the first-born in heaven, and a great gain to those who are called home from this warfare to the rest of the people of God.

Brooks.—The church at Willimantic has met with a loss not soon or easily repaired in the death of Brother Elias P. Brooks, who died May 20, 1890, in the house where he was born in 1810.

Between these two dates he lived not only a long, but also a virtuous, useful, upright, and prayerful life. For many years he was a stand-bearer in the church at Willimantic. His excellent judgment, his self-control, his candor, his intelligence and his brotherly kindness made him of inestimable value in the church and official board, while his consistent and honest life recommended religion to the unliking world. In the family his gentleness and patience made a happy home. His fellow townsmen placed him in official positions, though public life was little to his taste. He was a useful member of the camp-meeting committee for many years, and will be greatly missed in their councils.

His widow and six children are left to mourn their loss, but are comforted and helped by the memory of his honorable and Christian life.

Kendrick.—John Kendrick was born at Winchester, N. H., Sept. 25, 1817.

He was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Worcester, Mass., in 1840, under the ministry of Dr. Moses L. Scudder, and soon after was placed in charge of two classes, the largest and most enthusiastic in the church, and was also a leader of the cottage prayer-meetings then customary. After the organization of the Laurel Street Church, he was the first superintendent of its Sunday-school, and held that office till his removal to Woonsocket, R. I., in 1846, where his characteristic activity in church work was continued, and he was superintendent of the Sunday school in that city until he took up his residence in Providence in 1881. Here he at once became identified with the commercial enterprises of the city and with whatever contributed to the general welfare of the community. He was for three years a member of the common council. To Mathewson Street Church, which was then in its formative state, he attached himself with a soulful zeal and an energy which was always conspicuous until the last weeks of his life. He was not uninterested in any measure or occurrence which would affect for good or ill the church to which he was bound with a seemingly unbreakable tie. The Sunday-school, of which he was for years the superintendent, flourished under his fostering oversight. Every department of the church had his continual care, and every interest felt his helping hand. A loyal Methodist Episcopalian, he held to the doctrine and polity of his church without a moment's wavering for a half-century. He loved his clergy; and was never happier than when his hospitable mansion was filled from turret to foundation, and his bounteous table was surrounded, at Conference time, with the servants of his Lord. He was acquainted with the bishops and other church executives, and many of them have been his guests.

Mr. Kendrick was interested in the educational and philanthropic movements of the church. For many years he has been a trustee of the Academy at East Greenwich, the notes from which says: "Mr. Kendrick was one of the most whole-souled and generous of men, and the Academy has lost a most earnest friend and supporter." The Providence Young Men's Christian Association, now having a membership of 2,000, may almost be said to owe to him its existence. He monthly for February says: "Mr. Kendrick caught the spirit of the Association movement before our Association existed, and when there was but one Young Men's Christian Association in New England. To his enterprise and devotion to Christ, and his interest in young men, the existence of our Association is largely due. . . . From 1859 to 1892 he was president. . . . He loved his church and the Association because they were parts of Christ's kingdom." He was a patron and trustee of Boston University; a delegate to the General Conference at Baltimore in 1870; also a delegate to the General Conference of 1881, in City Road Chapel, London.

Mr. Kendrick was twice married—in 1841 to Louisa, daughter of Deacon Ezekiel Conant, of Winchester, N. H., who died in 1847; in 1844 to Lorrana D., daughter of Lebbeus Cook, of Manchester, N. H., who died in 1852. He had one son, John E., who was educated at Wesleyan University, and is engaged in mercantile pursuits in Providence, and is a member of the municipal government. Mr. Kendrick's domestic life was genial and harmonious. He seemed to know the secret of a happy home, and how to employ them, and all in his home shared the benefits of his charity and his tact.

After a severe illness of four weeks, during much of which time his mind was more or less clouded, he died peacefully on Jan. 27, 1890, aged 72 years. His funeral was held at Mathewson Street Church on Jan. 27, and was largely attended by citizens, the mayor, members of the city government, of the Y. M. C. A., and of the M. E. Church. The services were delivered by Rev. Dr. Whelden, a former pastor, and by Rev. Dr. N. E. England, Conservatory without further examination. Fine pipe organ, good piano, library, cabinet, and other modern appointments. For catalogues address the Principal.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1890.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.]

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THE GRAND ARMY JUBILEE.

Enthusiastic congratulations only are in order. If an encampment as successful and enjoyable in all respects has been held before, then we delight in being unaware of the fact. The aftermath of such occasions is the true indication of real conditions. From all lips there has come to us but one expression — Boston glories in the Grand Army and its visit; and the Grand Army exults in the hospitality of Boston. In another column, by vivid and touching description, our readers who could not be present are helped to see and hear something of the grand event. The permanent and unexpressed result of this gathering is the lesson of patriotism which is taught. Under such influences the love of country and the desire to perpetuate the Union "one and inseparable," glow into holiest resolve.

THE END THEREOF.

It was at a session of an Annual Conference. The ballots had been cast for the election of delegates to the General Conference, and the votes had been counted. One teller reported to the presiding bishop that twelve tissue ballots had been discovered in his collection, all bearing the name of one candidate; and that he was confident that they were cast by the man whose name was written upon them. The bishop suggested that another vote be taken, without stating fully the reason, and directed the teller, who knew the suspected man, to receive his vote last. Twelve more such ballots were found, bearing the name of the man in question, and clearly the last dropped into the box! That candidate for General Conference had a majority of thirty-six votes. He was by far the most able, brilliant and popular man in his Conference.

Within two hours after his election, he had been tried for illegal voting and expelled from the Conference and the ministry.

At the next session of that Conference the case came up for a rehearing and a new trial, on the ground that the previous session had acted hastily and upon impulse. A faithful, searching and most exciting trial ensued. The hour came for the delivery of the verdict. Every available place in the church edifice was packed with anxious listeners. And when it was announced that the finding of the previous year was sustained, which adjudged the young man guilty of illegal voting, and the sentence of expulsion was affirmed, the beautiful wife of the guilty man leaped from her seat with a convulsive shriek and from that hour became a hopeless maniac!

Said our informant — the bishop who held the Conference — "that was the most tragic scene I ever saw. If the young man had waited his time, and dismissed the thought of the honors of the church in doing its work, he would most likely have received at an early day the compliment which he had come so eagerly and then so wickedly to covet." The bishop further said: "That is an illustration of the result of such harmful self-seeking in the church. I have never seen a repetition of consequences so painful, but I have observed hundreds of cases where men have damaged themselves and humiliated the denomination. Go on in your work of reform! Nothing is so much needed in the church. Do not falter nor desist. Good men everywhere will sustain you."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

In the death of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, the century, with which his life has been coincident, has seen one of its most brilliant intellectual luminaries extinguished, one of its most calm and courageous knights-errant in the realm of ecclesiastical and theological controversy unharmed and laid low, and the most powerful but

trous, unquestionably, of a revived English Catholicism shattered and thrown down. In the author of "Parochial Sermons," "The Grammar of Assent," "The Idea of a University," and the "Lyra Apostolica," the great commonwealth of English letters has lost a past master of its craft — a writer of wide fame and many laurels; and the student of majestic and melodious English speech an exemplar and preceptor who had few, if any, equals, especially in the department of English prose. The significance of Dr. Newman's long life was far-reaching, many-sided and profound. He touched nothing as an amateur or meddler, but only as a master pushing, by dint of his imperious convictions and his commanding and restless intellectual energy, to the front of every movement he joined. A perfect paradox in his intellectual and social make-up, and especially in his dogmatic and religious development from boyhood to ripe and venerable age, he has, nevertheless, away and molded the thought and feeling and conduct of more men and women of a strongly intellectual and devotional cast of mind than any other man of his time.

Fifty years ago there passed over the cities, towns and rural districts of England a wave of political agitation occasioned by the movement for the repeal of the "Corn Laws," led by Cobden, Bright and Milner Gibson; but that transient surface-wave only served to hide from observation, for the moment, the significance of the deeper movement which had been started by the writers of the "Tracts for the Times" — a movement whose influence was to extend far and leave its deep and lasting mark on English religious thought and life. In the front of this movement stood Keble, Palmer, Pusey and Newman — the latter in the fullness and maturity of his physical and intellectual powers and, as preacher of the university pulpit of St. Mary's, undoubtedly the most potent and popular man in Oxford at that time. Gifted with an imperious soul and an intense combative disposition, always, however, under the control of a thoroughly trained and richly and variously furnished mind, Newman was from the first the natural and soon became the acknowledged leader of the Anglican revival. But for his invincible militancy he would have been a quiet scholar; in his personality and career, a mystery greater than that of the Sphinx. Directly and indirectly the world is indebted to Charles Kingsley for many things. Indirectly he has laid it under obligation for provoking, at the cost of his own peace, the publication of one of the most remarkable autobiographies of the past fifty years. In 1864, when Dr. Newman had already been a Catholic twenty years, Kingsley reviewed for Macmillan's Magazine the latter portion of Frode's "History of England," and in the course of the review expressed himself as to the character and effects of modern Romanism as follows: —

"The Roman religion had for some time past been making men not better, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment. From the time that indulgences were hawked about in his name which would insure pardon for any man 'etiam matrem Dei violasset,' the world in general began to be of that opinion. But the mischief was older and deeper than those indulgences. It lay in the very notion of the dispensing power. . . .

"So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which heaven has given to the saints where-with to withstand the brute force of the wicked world which carries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

"Ever since Pope Stephen forged an epistle from St. Peter to Pepin, King of the Franks, and sent it with some flimsy of the saint's holy chalice, he might bribe him to invade Italy, destroy the Lombards, and confirm to him the patrimony of St. Peter; ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his burrow to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minister did not 'draw' as well as the rival minister ten miles off; ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding, fresh lies, all men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about, and to suspect that tongues were given to men as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence."

The mention of Father Newman's name in the above paragraph as an apostle for the Jesuitical policy of lying, roused the lion of the Tractarian movement in his den amid comparative quiet and seclusion of the Oratory of St. Philip, Birmingham. The allegation was to him the opening of the door of opportunity for a full and comprehensive vindication of a career that to many people seemed greatly in need of explanation and apology; and so "Apologia pro Vita Sua" was written, informing the world afresh of many things it had forgotten in the busy twenty years that had passed, and of many more things it never knew before and never even suspected.

The book is interesting for the light it incidentally throws on Newman's early religious life and opinions. One is surprised to be told, for example, that one of the greatest champions of papal authority in recent times was found as a boy of reading Paine's tracts against the Old Testament, Hume's Essays, and Voltaire's verses against the immortality of the soul, and that the distinguished evangelical clergyman and commentator, Thomas Scott, was "the human means of the beginning of divine faith" in one who became the most powerful exponent of

doctrines and practices Scott spent his life in opposing and denouncing. Dr. Newman's apologetic task as his Protestant fellow-countrymen conceived it in 1864 when Kingsley published his "What then does Dr. Newman mean?" cannot be better stated than in his own words: —

"I am now," he says, "a member of a most un-English community, whose great aim is considered to be the extinction of Protestantism and the Protestant Church, and whose means of attack are popularly supposed to be unscrupulous cunning and deceit; but besides, how came I originally to have relations with the Church of Rome at all? Did I, or my opinions, drop from the sky? How came I, in Oxford, in *Anglican Universities*, to present myself to the eyes of men in that full-blown investiture of Popery? . . . Am I now to be trusted, when long ago I was trusted and was found wanting?"

"He asks me what I mean," he continues, "not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence by which I write and argue and act. He asks me about my mind and its beliefs and sentiments; and he shall be answered not for his own sake, but for mine; for the sake of the religion which I profess, and of the priesthood in which I am unworthily included, and of my friends, and of my foes, and of that general public which consists of neither the one nor the other, but of well-wishers, lovers of fair-play, skeptical cross-questioners, interested inquirers, curious on-lookers and simple strangers, unconcerned yet not careless about the issue."

Such was the task Dr. Newman set himself to accomplish, and his vindication, made from the standpoint of the Corypheus of the Tractarian movement which at one time threatened to Romanize the whole English Church, is a deeply interesting performance; the more so as in the course of the narrative there is frequent mention of other distinguished actors in those scenes of the past, such as Keble, Hurrell Froude, Pusey, Palmer Hawkins, Whateley, Blanco White, etc. But whatever may be the autobiographical interest of the "Apologia," and whatever may be the literary ability and dialectic skill and subtlety displayed therein, so little light is thrown on the motives which induced Dr. Newman when in 1843 he suddenly changed front, made a formal retraction of all the hard things he had said against the Romish Church, resigned his living of St. Mary's, and prepared to enter the fold he had so often scandalized, that we are constrained to say at the conclusion of the "Apologia" as perplexed Kingsley said before it was written, "What then does Dr. Newman mean?"

Charles Loring Brace.

In the death of Charles Loring Brace, of New York, who died last week in Switzerland, where he was seeking recuperation from years of overwork, the world loses one of its best and most useful men. He seems to have been called to the leadership of the movement, so characteristic of this age, which seeks to apply Christianity to the urgent and practical needs of men. He founded and conducted the Children's Aid Society of New York, and thus put in motion the useful charities which have done so much to alleviate and brighten the lives of the neglected children of our great cities. He was the Earl of Shaftesbury for this land. At an early date we shall endeavor to do some fitting justice to his memory and his work.

As an author Mr. Brace reached distinction. His best known volumes to the Christian public are his "Gesta Christi," a history of humane progress under Christianity, and his last book, "To the Unknown God," in which he comprehensively traces the history of the different systems of religion.

PERSONALS.

—We are happy to learn that Bishop Foss is recovering health in his foreign tour.

—A telegram announces, as we go to press, the death of Mrs. Rev. W. R. Newhall, of Springfield, Aug. 18.

—Bishop J. P. Newman reached New York on the 14th inst., on the steamship "City of Pekin" from Japan.

—Rev. Geo. W. Ballou, formerly of the New England Southern Conference, is spending a few days in New England.

—President C. C. Lovejoy, of Jennings' Seminary, Aurora, Ill., remembered Zion's Herald with a call, last week.

—Rev. Dr. J. H. Mansfield, presiding elder of Lynn District, gave the Recognition address at the Round Lake Assembly, New York.

—Rev. Thomas Harwood, of Socorro, N. M., superintendent of our Spanish mission work in that place, called at our office last week. He is a member of the Grand Army.

—Bishop Mallieu has a stirring appeal in the August *Land and Hand*, in behalf of a medical school for the New Orleans University. It is entitled, "A Cry to Human Hearts."

—Chaplain McCabe is visiting as many camp-meetings as he is able to reach. That is a wise plan which devotes a day of the meeting to the missionary work of the church.

—Dr. George Lansing Taylor's great lecture-poem on "Jesse Lee in New England," is receiving enthusiastic praise wherever the author delivers it. It is to be given at Cottage City, Saturday eve, Aug. 23.

—At the Deacons' Convention held at Chantanooga recently, Mrs. Bishop J. M. Walden was chosen a member of the executive committee — not Miss P. J. Walden, as stated in the last issue of the Herald.

—Rev. Geo. H. Corey, D. D., of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, with his wife, greatly enjoyed the week of the G. A. R. encampment in Boston, preaching the Sunday preceding in Worcester, and that following in Chelsea.

—Dr. J. B. Wentworth, presiding elder of the Buffalo District, New York, on account of failing health is compelled to give up work between now and the coming session of his Conference. His many friends will regret to learn this.

—Dr. F. M. Bristol and wife are "outing" at the White Mountains. Will Dr. Bristol tell our readers whether he catechized the "Old Man" and "Maid" of the mountains on the matter of ministerial vacations; and if so, what these ancient people told him?

—The Michigan Christian Advocate, which, by the way, was always delightfully fresh, vigorous and outspoken, says: —

—Rev. W. S. Studley, D. D., Ann Arbor

renews his youth with advancing years. At least, that is the way he looked when in Detroit a few days ago.

—Dr. J. F. Spence, chancellor of Chattanooga University, was in Boston during the A. R. encampment. He presented the work among the white people of the South which he represents, last Sabbath at Trinity Church, Charlestown, in the morning, and at St. John's in the evening.

—R. R. Doherty, Ph. D., made an excellent address at the Epworth League Convention at Cottage City last week. Upon his return to New York on Saturday he called at this office. We secured the promise of something from this able specialist in Epworth League work for our columns at an early day.

—Dr. Moore, of the Western Christian Advocate, puts the emphasis where it belongs, in saying: —

"All are agreed, save the guilty ones themselves, that the office of exhorting, with its attendant worldly methods, is particularly reprehensible; and that every lover of the church ought to aid in creating an overwhelming sentiment against it."

—Rev. W. L. Phillips, D. D., well known in New England, has received a call to a Congregational pulpit in New Haven, and it is understood that he will accept the same. Dr. Phillips was one of our most able, popular and successful ministers, and we unfeignedly express our regret at his departure from our denominational fellowship.

—The Daily Press, of Asbury Park, says: —

"Rev. William Eastbrook, of the Tremont Street Methodist Church, Boston, was the speaker of the evening, and is one of the best that has spoken or will speak during the convention. He is a large gentleman who looks G. I. and talks like a general. He is well-to-do — and thoroughly enjoyed life. His subject was 'The Pastor's Relation to Revivals,' and he handled it to perfection."

—Rev. James T. Docket, a recent graduate of our Theological School and a member of the Des Moines Conference, has come East to spend a year in post-graduate work. Mr. Docket was one of the original founders of the Epworth League at Cleveland, and has always been very active in League work, being now a member of the Board of Control from the Tract Society.

—President Butts, of Drew Theological Seminary, is at the head of the Round Lake Theological Institute. Besides directing the work at Round Lake this year, he led the workers there in a close and critical exegetical study of the Epistle to the Galatians, which was very greatly enjoyed by all. He sailed on the 13th inst. to Germany. His wife and daughters await him at Frankfurt.

—We have a personal letter from Prof. Olin A. Curtis, D. D., with a most interesting contribution on "Methodism in Erlangen" for our columns, which we shall publish soon. He mentions that he recently met Prof. M. D. Baer and wife, who were in excellent health. Dr. Curtis will soon sail for home, in order to reach here before the beginning of the school year at the Theological Seminary.

—How Chaplain McCabe can find time to make a book amid his indefatigable labors we shall not undertake to tell. The title of the volume is "The Finest of the Wheat." With the Chaplain's characteristic generosity every dollar will go to pay the expenses of missionary work; and if there is anything left, it will be devoted to the education of a free African boy that Mary Sharpe sent over, and the other five she is going to send.

—A special dispatch to the New York Tribune, bearing date of Aug. 15, declares that Rev. Theodore Haven, pastor of the Methodist church at Millbrook, Dutchess County, was to-day committed to the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane. His father was Bishop E. C. Haven. The physicians who examined him say that he is morbid and suspicious. There is no doubt of his insanity, but it is thought that he may be cured.

—The Christian World (London) says: —

"Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has tendered his resignation to the president of the Conference, and it has not been accepted. Mr. Hughes intimated that after the conference he would resign his position as president of the conference."

—Rev. B. B. Byrne, of East Pittston, Me., preached forty-five years consecutively out of the loss of a Sabbath by illness. He is now in vigorous health. At the last session of his conference when a superannuated he had spoken gratefully of the excellent health he had enjoyed, some one of his brethren asked him openly, how he had managed to keep so well and strong. To which he facetiously, but wisely, replied that he had "always lived on the sunny side of the house."

—Rev. Geo. M. Steele, D. D., writes to us from Cliff Springs. As so many are anxious to hear concerning his health, we venture to let him speak to our readers in his own words: —

"I have been here nearly eight weeks, and expect to leave for Wilbraham next Tuesday. Till recently there has been no obvious improvement, but within a few days the disease seems to be giving way, and I am evidently slowly improving. I hope to be able to do at least a part of my work this fall."

—The Buffalo Christian Advocate says in its last issue: —

"The Rev. J. D. Phelps, of Delaware Avenue Church, has a fruitful theme for his discourse last Sunday evening — 'The Saloon Course of Buffalo' — and he handled it in an able and interesting manner. If any other clergyman had dared to touch this subject, he would have been severely rebuked."

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once on a great occasion in New York, and a few evenings after he was at Jerry McCall's table, where I saw him kneeling in the circle of penitents who were from the lowest class of hardened sinners. I could hear him pray with and talk to the poor fellows. One terrible looking sailor, with hands besmeared with tar, was very penitent, but kept saying, 'I can't pray; I don't know how.' General Fisk said to him: 'Did your mother ever pray?' Bursting into tears, he said aloud: 'Oh, yes! yes! yes! yes! He would tell me to pray that way, and he began with a broken heart to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, and as he closed, pardon came, and that rough, hard face beamed with joy.'

—It will be remembered that, in a recent issue, we had a very interesting account of Rev. Thomas Champness and his great work. The Christian World, in its last issue, supplements our account of the man with these words: —

"Rev. Thomas Champness, of Rochdale, is a Wesleyan minister who, after devoting the best years of his life to preaching among the heathen abroad, has been moved with grief on returning to England to find how the state of affairs of such methods has come none too soon. It may, it will be a preliminary to correction."

—The resident and visiting clergymen at Saratoga held a conference on Monday, the 11th inst., to consider the question of diseases in the evangelical churches. About fifty, representing all churches and all parts of the country, were present. Dr. Bostwick Hawley, of our church, occupied the chair. The pastor of the Congregational church in Saratoga presented, in an opening address, the chief exegetical and historical facts. Among the speakers called out were President Warren of Boston University, Rev. Dr. Good of the German Reformed Church, Dr. Crane, and Dr. and Mrs. Rust. All favored the new development, though two speakers questioned the wisdom of making the women "an ordained order."

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BRIEFLETS.

The Sterling Camp-meeting will begin on Monday, Aug. 25, instead of on Aug. 18, as before announced.

An exchange suggests that "the Lodge Bill" is a "force bill" in the same way that the Ten Commandments are force bills.

A second edition of Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyer's volume on "Deaconesses" has been issued, in response to an urgent demand for more copies of this excellent work.

"Daniel," says Mr. Moody, "had a kind of religion that would bear transportation; it stood the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, and was just as good abroad as at home."

No wives were served at the State banquet given at the Vendome last week to the President of the United States and other guests — this by vote of the Governor's council. We like prohibition — with no fuss about it.

"Translated," "transformed," "transferred" are the three steps from grace to glory — said Dr. A. J. Gordon at Northfield. These steps represent changes, "first, of condition; second, of character; third, of country."

A frequently recurring thought amid the jam and jostle last week: —

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine To feel amid the city's jar That there abides a peace of Thine That man did make, and cannot mar."

The first annual report of the New England Deaconess Home and Training School is issued. It is a most valuable and interesting document upon this first experiment in New England. The Home is at 45 East Chester Park, Boston. It is presumed that a copy of the report can be secured by sending request as above.

The July issue of the Christian Educator is an unusual valuable number, containing besides the annual report of the meetings an article on Cladun University, accompanied with such excellent cuts of the various buildings as will help the reader to closely appreciate the working equipment and advantages of that grand institution.

Those who are so highly privileged as to spend any time with Mrs. Manson at the Bay View House, Old Orchard, are not surprised to find that the accommodations of this large hotel are taxed to the utmost. The location of the house is most charming and restful, and it is in all respects one of the "best kept" hotels that we have ever visited.

The annual gathering of Sunday-schools at Nobleboro Camp-ground on the 13th inst., was a notable event. It is estimated that three thousand people were in attendance. It was the finest audience that we have seen during the season. Much credit is due Rev. C. A. Plume for the success of this happy and prosperous day. A new and beautiful tabernacle has been built on these grounds this season, and is ready for use. The District camp-meeting is now in session.

The Southwestern Methodist has a fitting editorial on "Religion in Vacation," in which ministers and people are sensibly counseled to relieve the ordinary strain and tension for a little during the summer months. This is the wise way in which both fact and philosophy are mingled: —

"All natural powers weary and flag and need rest and refreshment at times. Even the life of the minister was not a ceaseless struggle. It found seasons of rest. Jesus loved to be alone among the mountains, and he loved that beautiful inland sea — the Sea of Galilee. We must not forget that one may take religious rest, and that it is religious to take rest now and then."

The Methodist Recorder brings an able editorial in this wise: —

"The incident of Caesar's perilous passage, of the frightened soldiers, and the bold words of cheer, was used with effect at the Open Session of the Wesleyan Conference on Wednesday evening last by Dr. Little, one of

the American representatives. 'Why are ye fearful?' said another greater than Caesar, amidst the storm-petrels of Gales, and a still more able challenge doubt and misgiving to-day as weary toilers watch the heavy ground swell which is variously taken to be the sign of a disturbance already spent, or of one that yet may come. However this may be, the Master himself is at the wheel, and, even though the vessel were driven of fierce winds, yet would 'with a very small helm turn it about whithersoever He listeth.'

The Boston Traveller thus frankly expresses its opinion: —

"There has been a disposition on the part of some to criticize the good taste of publishing the series of articles which has appeared for the last six weeks in Zion's Herald on 'Ecclesiastical Politics'; but the real friends of the church will agree that the time has come when silence on the part of the press of the great Methodist Episcopal denomination would be almost a crime. The articles have been written in each case by men whose character is unquestioned and whose motives cannot be impugned, and they cover the state of affairs throughout the whole of the country. Exposure of such methods has come none too soon. It may, it will be a preliminary to correction."

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From a prominent Methodist minister's study in far-away Milwaukee, Wis., comes this voluntary and significant word: —

"For years there has been nothing published in our church papers more timely and necessary than the articles that have lately appeared in Zion's Herald on 'Ecclesiastical Politics.' The evils therein pointed out are very grave and dangerous, as well

The Family.

THREE GRAVES.—MT. AUBURN.

DR. B. F. LEGGITT.

What dust immortal sleeps in Auburn's dells!
What kingly dreamers lie upon her hills!
These blades grasses grow where tall oaks wave
In rugged strength above his quiet rest
Where righteous wrath blazed forth at human wrong
In words that burned to make all races free.

These glossy leaves of myrtle trailing low
Crept round the unheeded bowler's buried base
Where stands his name who read all nature through.
And these white blooms that sweeten all the air
With dove breath of summer dead and gone,
In beauty starred a kindly poet's grave
Whose world-wide songs are in the hearts of men,
Whose fame immortal lives in every land.

Ward, Pa.

LOSING AND KEEPING.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

One of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast
He said: "I am tired and cannot play—
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song;
And rapturous love still lighted his eyes,
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood "where the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet;
While the father's eyes on the graves are bent
The mother looked upward beyond the skies:
"Our treasures," she whispered, "are only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each in his turn became a man
The boys proudly went from their father's side.
The girls were women, so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to wed and win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left—new homes to begin.

So, one by one the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three—
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at evening;
And say, "All the children we kept at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

—Anon.

SUNSHINE.

"Every leaf has a bit of sun,"
She said in her cheery way,
As under branching trees we rode
On a golden summer day.
When skies were clear and bird's song sweet,
And children were out at play.

"Every leaf has a bit of sun!"
I looked in her radiant face,
And thought her happy eyes had seen
What my own had failed to trace.
How lovingly the golden light
Lit 'em the shadiest place.

Till every little forest leaf
Of the sunshine had its share,
And tossed their green plumes out to catch
Each breath of the fragrant air.
And danced as if for very joy
That the morning was so fair.

Every leaf had a bit of sun;
And I thought that even so
Into each human life there falls
Some gladness and light, we know;
For God has made enough of sun
For all his children below.

Although some in the shadows walk,
And never may lift their eyes
To see the glory of the morn
Or the sunset's purple dyes,
And never take their share of all
The sunlight that round us lies.

—Christian Register.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

If we don't want dull thoughts to come,
We must keep 'em away like I keep the bees
Out of my bit o' garden. I fill the bed so full
Of flowers that there isn't any room for weeds.
—Daniel Quorn.

Prayer is the spiritual balm, the precious cordial,
which gives us peace and courage.
It recalls to us our pardon and our duty.
It says to us: "Thou art loved, love; thou hast
received, give; thou must die, do thy duty."
—Amiel.

Let us do all the business we can. If we
can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow can-
dle. Some one said, "I can't be anything
more than a farthing rushlight." Well, if
you can't be more, be that; that is well
enough. Be all you can. What makes the
Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time
receiving, never giving out anything. You
go every Sunday and hear good sermons, and
think that is enough. You are all the time
receiving these grand truths, but never give
them out. When you hear it, go and scatter
the truth abroad. Instead of having one
minister to preach to a thousand people, this
thousand ought to take a sermon and spread
it till it reaches those that never go to church
or chapel. Instead of having a few, we
ought to have thousands using the precious
talents that God has given them. —D. L.
Moody.

Happy the man who ever holds before his eyes his
hour of death.
And every day makes himself ready for the end.
If you have ever seen a cross,
Think that you too must die by the same road.
And in the morning say,
"I shall not see the evening of the day,"
And at the eventide,
"I dare not promise morning to myself."
Therefore be ready
And live so
That death may never take you unawares.
Many die suddenly and unexpectedly,
For "in an hour when you think not,
The Son of Man will come."
And when that last hour does come on you,
Then you will begin to feel so differently
Concerning all your life that has gone by;
And you will grieve and grieve that you were so
remiss,
And that you left so much undone.

—Thomas à Kempis.

There is a danger which sometimes proves
far greater than the storms of adversity, or
the assaults of enemies. It is from the
stealthy under-currents of temptation. An
unanchored vessel may be lying on a calm
water as smooth as glass, and yet before the
ship-master is aware the keel may strike a
hidden rock! Had a wind begun to blow,
the master would have taken the alarm; the
under-current was slowly drifting him, and
he did not heed the danger. So are thousands
of professed Christians carried on the rocks,
not by tempests of trials, but by the strong
and invisible currents of temptation. One
church-member drifts into neglect of
prayer, or into laxity in regard to Sab-
bath observance. Another gets into an
under-current of social customs and fashions;
it sways him, slowly but surely, away from
a spiritual life; no sudden shock is felt, but
when we look for this professed Christian
where he used to be, and where he
ought to be, he is not there. When the
world got hold of the keel, the anchor
had lost hold on Christ, and so the man
began to drift. Another one feels the secret
power of sensual temptation, but takes no
alarm until some open sin is committed, and

a hideous rent is made in his Christian char-
acter. The under-currents of this world
never set towards holy living, but just in the
opposite direction. What we call "backslid-
ing" is really the drift of the heart away
from Christ. The heart is not anchored.—
T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

There ought to be a definite relation be-
tween all enjoyed feeling and some stern, de-
finite duty discharged, just as there ought to
be some relation between the food enjoyed
and the strength gained and work done as the
result. Christ is like the rock in mid-ocean,
that never changes, and braves every storm;
feeling is like the restless, shifting water that
rolls round it. Christ is like the grand old
church tower standing foursquare to every
wind, gray with centuries, a shelter and a
home to all who will come; feeling is like the
bells in the tower, which only ring on rare
occasions, and easily change their tune; most
demonstrative on Sunday, and often still all
the week when duty needs their merry
music. Christ is like the sun, whose light and
heat are constant; feeling is like the fleecy
cloud, now beautiful as an angel's wing, now
a cold, gray sky. Christ is the tree of life,
with root deep, and the soil firmly gripped,
lifting into the sky leaf and blossom and
branch; feeling is a mere blossom, a child of
the gay summer time, unfit for storm or win-
ter service. Christ is the guide who never
leaves the traveler; feeling is the torch whose
flame burns brightly, but very liable to be
blown out. He who trusts mere feeling will
trust a light most likely to be blown out when
most he needs light and comfort, while it will
often burn brightly when it is least needed.
The aspect of many a Christian life is one
continuous look within. The eye is ever gaz-
ing on the feelings, the finger never off the
spiritual pulse. Is it not far wiser to look up
into the unclouded sunlight of God's face,
and to see, not rising from our imagination or
self-consciousness, but coming out from God,
that four-sided, jeweled city—that cubical
gift of love—beautiful as a glad young bride,
that city with open gates, into which we may
ever run for every need and all safety, and
having entered, and because we have entered,
then feel the joy of being within its walls?—
Rev. R. H. Lovell.

THAT BLESSED CHURCH DEBT.

REV. J. F. COWAN.

THINGS in Drytown church were about as
bad as they could be.
By "things" I mean chiefly the prayer
meeting and the finances. The Drytown
Christians were poor pray-ers; those who did
pray in public being, like angels' visits, few
and far apart—that is, it was far from the
beginnings of their prayers to the endings;
and those who didn't pray cared little to lis-
ten to those who did. So the prayer-meetings
were literally "where two or three" were
gathered together—as often two or three.
There were some younger brethren and
sisters in the Drytown church, though the
church wasn't in the habit of so calling them.
In fact, it had never called them at all; had
struggled on without making any use of them;
and they would never have known that they
could be of any use in the church but for a
strange accident—I mean, providence.

I said the Drytown Christians were poor
pay-ers as well as pray-ers. I don't mean that
they were poor in the where-withal to pay.
On the assessors' books and in promises they
were far from poor. But promises won't pay
a butcher's bill or a builder's lien.

That is the way the Drytown church came
to have a debt, and the debt was one of the
"things" belonging to the church that was
in bad shape. Perhaps you never knew one
that was in any other shape. I did not—ex-
cept one that had been paid off and the mort-
gage burned—until this Drytown debt—but
I mustn't run ahead of my story. It was ten
years old, and growing—the debt, I mean.

There was just a piling fence between them,
but it connected rather than separated. The
points of the palings did double duty; as
handles for their fingers, and the openings
as frames for two fresh, young, girlish faces,
close enough together for the most confi-
dential dialogue.

"Maybe we could get Bob."
"Fraid not; Bob has all run to base-ball.
It's just shameful, the way those boys are
doing, Sade! Quarrelling and even swearing
over their 'match games' as they call them—
seems to me they are all mismatched; I wonder
how many of those who are in the church
have been mad or—something?"

"A good many, I'm afraid, Kitty Helmer.
Drytown boys don't seem to be of any earth-
ly use but to make a noise and themselves dis-
agreeable. The girls are not much better,
though; they haven't anything to think about
in this stupid place but gossip over the back
fences and—"

"Why, Sade, Shoe-maker!"
"Well, I don't care! We're not gossiping,
are we?"

"N—o. Did I tell you about my last let-
ter from cousin Flo? She tells me all about
their young people's doings, and they do have
some of the loveliest times! I wish we could
only have a church sociable or—there's Bob!"

"Whew! Tired to death! Tired of base-ball
and rackets and pepper-sauce fellows that
can't stand as much as a baby! You girls
don't know anything about it. It's jaw, jaw,
jaw! That's all I've heard to-day. We beat!
'No, you didn't!' 'It's not so!' 'You're a
li—'"

"Why, Bob! You never talked that way.
It's just too bad! We girls!"
"Yes, you girls have an angelic time.
Nothing to do but sissy one another over the
back fence; don't the monotony of it kind of
grind on you, when you've told for the fortieth
time how many plates you put in your last
new dress, or how ugly Susie Bannister looked
at church with her hair frizzed, or—"

"That's just what we were talking about,
Bob. We want to get up something new in
Drytown, and want you in it."

It did not take long to initiate Bob into the
details of the plan, but twilight found the three
still scheming, when mother called Kitty
and Bob to come in out of the damp.

"You children must try and not make a
racket," she cautioned them; "pa's cipherin'
again."

"The children" promised—some-way they
never outgrew being "children" in Dry-
town; but Kitty murmured:—
"It's over that old church book, I'm just
sure."

"Humph! he needn't figure at that; he
can never make it come out but one way,"
sniffed Bob.

"Poor pa! It's bowing his shoulders, I'm
afraid. I heard him saying to himself just
now that a year or two more would take the
church and all we had ever paid on it."

"Poor pa!" echoed Kitty with a soft little
sigh.

"I wish," began Bob vigorously, kicking
his toe against the wood-box for emphasis;
"but, pshaw! what's the use of wishing, un-
less you could rub a lamp or something and
make your wish come true?"

"Don't you remember, Bob, what Mr.
Stokes said in school about every one having
an Aladdin's lamp in his own wits, if he
would only rub them? Suppose you try that,"
suggested Kitty, half mischievously, half re-
flectively.

"Might as well, as to rub the skin off my
hands and the edge off my temper at base-
ball. See here, I've got an idea! I'm wast-
ing five or ten dollars' worth of rubbing, at
baseball every month, and you and Sade are
wearing out the back fence at the same rate.
How many are there of us—the young folks
who are doing the same, I mean?"

"I suppose twenty-five or thirty," was
Kitty's bewildered answer.

"Twenty times five is a hundred. Hur-
rah!"

"Sh—! You children will bother pa's
figgerin'," admonished the watchful mother
again, as Bob's excited voice rose higher and
higher.

But I have an idea that Bob's figuring was
of the sort that most deserved to be protect-
ed from disturbance. He had come nearer to
figuring the Drytown church debt out of ex-
istence in a minute than his father had in ten
years.

The first sociable, under Kitty's and Sade's
management, with Bob as first lieutenant,
was a surprise even to its managers. Dry-
town was hungry for something of the kind.
The young people relished it just in propor-
tion as they had begun to share in Bob's dis-
gust for their quarrelsome out-of-door sport,
which had, to use a current expression, been
"run into the ground;" and in Sade's wearis-
ome at doing nothing but talk about the
number of platts in the last dress.

"Didn't imagine there could be so much
fun in this sort of thing. Who invented
it?" said one of the young gentlemen.

"Ought to have one every now and then,"
remarked one of the girls.

"Let's improve the 'now,' said Bob,
and the 'then' will take care of itself. I
know how we can have ten times as much
fun as this, and smash that old church debt
to smithereens in the bargain, and not work
any harder than we have been doing making
this town hideous."

"It has been hard on me for the last
month," owned the pitcher of the first nine,
rubbing the calloused places on his hands.
"I've worn out three or four cuticles."

"Want me to tell you how to coin your
cuticle into gold?" quizzed Bob. And then,
as the curiosity of all was aroused, he laid
aside his chaffing tone and told his plan. In
substance, each one was to get, at home, a
donation of raw material: a strip of ground
for vegetables or flowers, lumber for brack-
et work, cloth, yarn, baking ingredients, etc.,
etc. These they were to treat as talents com-
mitted to them for improvement in such
ways as would result in the largest gain, and
report in the fall.

"I'll just take a part of our spare time,"
said Bob; "and is only a little invention for
converting waste force into good."

"But we'll have to talk this thing up
again."

"Yes, let's have another meeting; when
can we?"

"We can't go to anybody's house without
an invitation, and most every one is clean-
ing."

"Then let's go to the church."

"It's always locked."

"I'll be open Wednesday night, and we
might go and stay awhile after prayer-meet-
ing; they'll let us."

The last proposition was by no means cer-
tain; and then it was objected that the lamps
smoked, and the bats came in if the windows
were left open. But, finally, it was agreed to
meet at the church.

Kitty and Sade went over early and coaxed
the sexton to let them clean and trim the
lamps. What a difference it did make! Even
the bats noticed it and stayed away.

"Such singing!" was the amused ejacula-
tion of one of the girls, as two or three tunes
retired with broken backs, after vain at-
tempts to fit them to hymns of a different
metre. "I declare, I'm ashamed! Is it that
bad on Sunday?"

"It's had enough. Why couldn't we turn
some of Bob's escaping steam into the choir
gallery?"

The suggestion took root and grew. It had
a good soil, only no seed of that kind had ever
been put in it before. It was waiting to bring
forth an hundredfold, but Drytown church
never even suspected its wealth.

The pastor noticed the increased attend-
ance. Any one who could subtract four
from fourteen would. He noticed it audibly,
hoping that his young friends would turn
from the error of their way, etc. He didn't
know they had turned without his help, and
that was the reason they were there.

This meeting required another, and another,
and another. "We might as well have
a regular time for it," suggested one laugh-
ingly, and the suggestion was promptly acted
upon. From regular meetings, they came to
have a regular name, regular exercises—de-
votional and literary—and a regular set of
rules to govern them, so that, step by step,
Bob Helmer's invention took the shape of a
young people's church society.

"Didn't know our young fellows took so
much interest in the church," remarked
Brother Helmer to Parson Dutiful; "I said
it wouldn't last long, though."

"If only they were less frivolous and
worldly-minded," sighed the parson; "but I
may be able to awaken a sense of responsi-
bility."

"Interest!" echoed Bob, who had overheard
the remark; "why didn't he say principal,
too? Interest and principal, six per cent. for
eight years."

"Would you mind making a selection of
your hymns for next Sabbath? We meet to
practice to-night;" was the respectful re-
sponse which made the solemn, discouraged
pastor take off his glasses and rub them twice
in succession before he could answer.

"I hope you realize what a solemn thing it
is to worship the Lord with praise, and will
try to sing with the spirit and understand-
ing," was his only protest against such an in-
novation.

"What's the matter with old Drytown
church?" was asked upon the street on Mon-
day morning. "Hain't been painted up nor

nothing; but looks perk an' new some-
way."

Old Shavepaper heard it, and walked down
to take his daily look at what was sure to be
come his possession under foreclosure. "Can't
hold out much longer," he mumbled to him-
self; "can't be true what they say 'bout
things lookin' up. No, I'll get it, sure."

"Yes, he'll get it sure—his money; but
not the church for half its value;" was Bob's
thought as he saw him.

And that was the way it turned out, but not
all that turned out. The day came when peo-
ple ceased to wonder at the Drytown church
"pickin' up," and said: "That church debt
was the greatest blessing this town ever had;
it's made a different set of young people, and
a different church."

And so it had. And so will it always work
—work for the young in a church, I mean.

UNWISE ECONOMIES.

"SHE has done all her own work since
the baby was three weeks old, and is
continuing her study of medicine." These
words were in a letter which I received the
other day. They were written as cheering
news of the young cousin whose first baby
came to her four months ago, but I read them
with dismay.

"What can Alice be thinking about, or her
husband, either?" was my inward ejacula-
tion. "He a physician and she studying
medicine! Surely they should both know
better; surely they should know that nature
keeps strict accounts."

It would do no good to argue the question
with them; let me rather use the message as
a text for my little homily.

A woman who felt herself to be breaking
down, and who feared the trouble was the
beginning of consumption, to which she had
hereditary tendencies, went to her physician
to have her lungs examined. He told her
that they were perfectly sound, and that there
was nothing the matter with her except over-
work.

"But," said she, "I am not doing any
more than I have been doing for the last ten
years."

"Madam," snapped out the gruff old doc-
tor, "don't you know a woman can't go on
overdoing for ten years and not feel it?"

There was the truth in a nutshell.
These ten years of overwork were caused
by what seemed to her a necessary economy.
She could hardly afford to pay for help if she
would make ends meet. However, nature
was inexorable, and exacted "eye for eye,
tooth for tooth." During the ten succeeding
years the woman was forced to be idle, to
spend all her living on physicians, and at last
to become dependent upon the kindness of
her relatives. A few dollars judiciously ex-
pended now and then during the years of
work would have relieved the strain, and
doubtless would have prevented the years of
invalidism. What say you of such economy
as that?

It so rarely happens, either, that once hav-
ing given out thoroughly, a person ever re-
gains full strength. One becomes comfort-
able, perhaps, one gets on by taking care,
but there always remains the secret sense of
weakness and insecurity. Many a woman
goes through all her later years, doing much
good work, it may be, but only able to do it
because she recognizes her limitations, and
the bounds beyond which she may not go.
Never again comes to her the free, glad sense
of power. If she is wise, she makes the best
of what is left; she puts a brave front to
life; but she cannot help in her secret heart
turning ruefully back to those years when
she might have practiced that truer economy
which conserves the precious things of life.

The mind is a precious thing, and matters tem-
poral (will any one dispute it?) is health. Give
me health, and woman though I am, I can
defy the mutations of this uneven existence.
Say I am poor; I can earn my daily bread.
Say I am solitary; my cheery face shall win
me friends. "My mind to me a kingdom is."
If it be "a sound mind in a sound body," do
not doubt that health is the best blessing,
aside from the favor of God.

Carlyle says: "Folly is that wisdom which
is wise only behindhand." Ah! so many
women have that wisdom. They know now
how they might have done better. They are
wise behindhand; but if their folly may teach
some one else to be wise beforehand, then it
has not been quite in vain.

My young cousins (to return to my text)
are just starting out in their home life. I dare
say it is a pretty-furnished home, with plenty
of bric-a-brac to be tested. Doubtless the
new-fledged physician hasn't many patients
yet; there isn't much money to spare for do-
mestic service. Let him beware lest he soon
have a life-long patient who will pay him
no bills!

Alas, for the little baby boy who is so good
that his mother can do all her work, and study
medicine besides! Better let our young
men and women, my younger, until a helper
becomes a necessity, else we have that sweet
mother of yours who is sure to grow irritable and
a scold, simply because overwork has over-
strained her nerves.

Such a straining at gnats and swallowing of
camels! Such a hoarding of dollars and ex-
penditure of life! Youth always thinks the
same thing; it always believes its health re-
sources are inexhaustible, until the bank
breaks. So they might be practically inex-
haustible if a spendthrift were not using them.
Better pinch in the clothes and house-
hold furnishings than in needed service.

There are economies and economies. The
very poorest sort is to be lavish of health in
order to save some lesser good; for you will
find, sooner or later, with wise Dr. Franklin,
that you "paid too dear for the whistle."
—H. A. H. in Home Maker.

ABOUT MEN.

—Henrik Ibsen is eighty-two years old. He is
still robust in health.

—Castelar, the Spanish statesman, is writing a
life of Christ, and is also busy on a history of Spain.

—Charles Nordhoff, the Washington correspondent
of the New York Herald, has been placed by Mr.
Bennett on the retired list of that newspaper on half
pay for life.

—Judge Jeremiah Smith, of Dover, N. H., re-
cently appointed to a professorship at Harvard,
is probably the youngest among the few sons of Revo-
lutionary soldiers now living. He was born in 1837.
His father, Hon. Jeremiah Smith, was one of the
soldiers at the Battle of Bennington.

—Gen. F. E. Spinner, the ex-United States
Treasurer who became so well known by the won-
derful autograph he affixed to the Treasury notes issued
during his term of office, is at Pablo Beach, Florida.
He suffers greatly from a cancer, and when he writes
has to keep his eye open with a bit of adhesive plas-
ter.

—Mr. Marion Crawford is said to be an exceed-
ingly handsome man. He is as perfect physically,
with his six feet of manliness, as a Greek statue. By
incessant physical culture he has developed each
muscle to perfection, and he has distinguished him-
self as a brilliant fencer. His wife is as perfect in her
way, and one of the most beautiful of American
women. She has a statuesque figure that is lithe and
graceful as a reed.

—A rich Bostonian, Mr. Franklin W. Smith,
has built at Saratoga, an exact copy of a Pompeian
villa, his model being the famous "House of Pansa."
Mr. Smith's intention has been to build a museum
where the splendid decorative art of the first century
could be thoroughly studied, and where the environ-
ment of the great Roman nobles could be illustrated,

from the lares and penates to the utensils of the
kitchen.

"The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever re-
ceived," says The Hospital, "was liberally thrown at
his head. He operated very successfully on a mil-
lionaire, by name Hyatt, and so delighted was the old
man with his recovery that he gave three hundred
pounds to each of his attending physicians. 'But
you, sir,' cried the patient to Sir Astley, 'deserve
something better. Take that, sir!' With that he
flung his nightcap at the surgeon. Sir Astley re-
plied with dignity, as he picked up the cap: 'Sir, I
will pocket the affront.' And well for him that he
did, for the cap was lined with a draft for a thousand
guineas."

—Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island,
who has a fancy for mechanical curiosities, possesses
a clock that never runs down. Through an ingenious
contrivance it is kept wound by the simple opening
and closing of the front door of the house. Electrical
appliances, operated by the running of the clock,
raise the gas jet in the hall at dusk, and lower it at
bedtime; ring an early-rising bell for the servants, a
later one for the family, and, an hour later, the
breakfast-bell; and when the hour is struck, musical
cathedral chimes respond in the chambers of the
house.

THE MASTER'S PRESENCE.

Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Darest Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the gleaming needle which they hold,
But all my life is blessed in Thy word,
And every breath is like a lily;—
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee!

—Susan Coolidge.

Little Folks.

LEAVES.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

I WANT to preach the boys a little sermon
on leaves; and, unlike the usual sermon
pursued in a sermon, I shall put the text at
the close, hoping some of you will be sharp
enough to guess what it is before I reach it.

How pretty a leaf is! Whether it stands
alone with its mate on a solitary twig, or is
one of the countless millions that make up
the foliage of the forest, from the time when
it first unfolds its tiny green blade in the soft
spring air till the frost artist touches it with
his most brilliant colors, it is a thing of
beauty, and seems to exist solely to beautify
the earth.

Yet there is a great deal of individuality
about a leaf. A maple leaf is a maple leaf al-
ways; a beech leaf is a beech leaf always; and
the boy who cannot tell a maple leaf from a
beech leaf, or an apple-tree leaf from an elm,
is not much of a fellow. Now, just as the
different individual leaves make up the indi-
vidual tree, so do habits make up the charac-
ter; and the one is as easily discernible as
the other.

Here is a boy upon whose word you can al-
ways rely. His teacher knows she can be-
lieve his version of a school-boys' quarrel, for
he will tell the truth even though it be against
himself. His playmates know he never
cheats in playing ball

